

THE ARGOSY.

JULY 1, 1873.

THE MASTER OF GREYLANDS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE."

CHAPTER XIX.

AN UNWELCOME INTRUDER.

THE usual dinner hour at Greylands' Rest was half past one o'clock. Mr. Castlemaine would have preferred a late dinner—but circumstances are sometimes stronger than we are. However, he never failed to put it off until evening upon the very slightest plea of excuse.

Some ten years before the close of old Anthony Castlemaine's life, his health failed. It was not so much a serious illness as a long and general ailing. His medical attendant insisted upon his dining early; and the dinner hour was altered from six o'clock to half past one. He recovered, and lived on: some years; but the early dinner hour was adhered to. James had never liked this early dining: and after his father's death he wished to return to the later hour. His wife, however, opposed it. *She* preferred the early dinner and the social supper; and she insisted upon it to Mr. Castlemaine that the interests of Ethel and Flora required that they should continue to dine early. Mr. Castlemaine said he did not see that: Ethel was old enough to dine late, and Flora might make her dinner at lunch time. Yes, poor child, and have cold meat three days out of the seven, urged Mrs. Castlemaine. The Master of Greylands yielded the point as a general rule; but on any special occasion—and he made special occasions out of nothing—his edict was issued for the later dinner.

The dinner was just over to-day, and the servants had withdrawn, leaving wine and dessert on the table. Mr. Castlemaine's sitting down had been partly a matter of courtesy, though he did eat a small portion of meat: he was going to dine in the evening at the Dolphin. The

early afternoon sun streamed into the dining-room : a long, comfortable room with a low ceiling, its windows on the side opposite the fire, its handsome side-board surmounted with plate glass at one end ; some open book-shelves, well filled with good and attractive volumes at the other. Mr. and Mrs. Castlemaine, Ethel, Flora, and Madame Guise, sat at the table. Harry Castlemaine had retired, and his chair stood vacant. As a rule, Madame Guise never sat a minute longer at any meal than she could help : as soon as she could get up without an absolute breach of good manners, she did get up. Mrs. Castlemaine called it a peculiarity. She estimated Madame Guise highly as an instructress, but she admitted to her more intimate friends that she did not understand her. To-day, as it chanced (chanced ! do these things ever occur by chance ?) she had stayed : and sat in her place at Mr. Castlemaine's left hand in her perfectly-fitting black dress with its white cuffs and collar, and her wealth of auburn hair shading her pale and quiet face. Mr. Castlemaine was in a sociable mood : latterly he had been often too silent and abstracted. His back was to the sideboard as he sat ; handsome, upright, well-dressed as usual. Ethel was on his right hand, the windows behind her, Harry's empty chair between her and Mrs. Castlemaine ; and Miss Flora, eating almonds and raisins as fast as she could eat them, sat on the other side her mother with her back to the fire, and next to Madame.

Mrs. Castlemaine had introduced the subject that was very much in her thoughts just now—a visit to Paris. The Master of Greylands was purposing to make a trip thither this spring ; and his wife, to her great delight, had obtained permission to accompany him. She had never been across the water in her life : the days of universal travelling had not then set in : and there were moments when she felt a jealousy of Ethel. Ethel had finished her education in the French capital ; and was, so far, so much wiser than herself.

"I long to see Versailles ;—and St. Cloud ;—and the Palais Royale," spoke Mrs. Castlemaine in a glow of enthusiasm. "I want to walk about amid the orange trees in pots ; and in the Champs Elysées ; and at Père la Chaise. And I particularly wish to see the Goblins Tapestry, and the people working at it. *You* must be quite familiar with all these sights, Madame Guise."

"I have seen scarcely any of them," said Madame Guise in her gentle way. Then, perceiving the surprised look on Mrs. Castlemaine's face, she resumed hurriedly : "We did not live very near Paris, madam, —as I think I have said. And we French girls are kept so strictly :—and my mother was an invalid."

"And the bonbon shops !" pursued Mrs. Castlemaine. "I do count much on seeing the bonbon shops : they must be a sight in themselves. And the lovely bonnets !—and the jewellery ! What is it that Paris has been called ?—the Paradise of women ?"

"May I go too?" asked Ethel with animation, these attractive allusions calling up reminiscences of her own sojourn in Paris.

"No," curtly replied Mrs. Castlemaine.

"Oh, mamma! Why, you will be glad of me to take you about and to speak French for you!"

"I shall go, mamma," quickly spoke up Flora, her mouth full of cake. "You told me I should, you know."

"We will see, my darling," said Mrs. Castlemaine, not daring to be too self-asserting just then; though her full intention was to take Flora if she could contrive it by hook or by crook. "A trip to Paris would be an excellent thing for you," she added for the benefit of Mr. Castlemaine: "it would improve your French accent and form your manners. I'll see, my dear one."

Mr. Castlemaine gave a quiet nod and smile to Ethel, as much as to say "I will see for you." In fact he had all along meant Ethel to be of the party; though he would certainly do his best to leave Miss Flora at home.

At this moment Flora ought to be practising instead of greedily eating of every dessert dish within her reach: but oughts did not go for much with Miss Flora Castlemaine. They might have gone for nothing but for Madame Guise. That lady, rising now from her chair, with a deprecatory bow to Mrs. Castlemaine for permission, reminded her pupil that she and the piano were both waiting her pleasure.

"I don't want to have a music lesson this afternoon; I don't want to practise."

"As you did not get your studies over this morning in sufficient time to take your lesson or to practise before dinner, you must do both now," spoke Madame in her steady way. And Mr. Castlemaine gave the young lady a nod of authority, from which she knew there might be no appeal.

"In a minute, papa. Please let me finish my orange."

She was pushing the quarters of an orange into her mouth with a silver fork. Just then Miles came into the room and addressed his master.

"You are wanted, sir, if you please."

"Who is it?" asked Mr. Castlemaine.

"I don't know, sir. Some oldish gentleman; a stranger. He asked——"

The man's explanation was cut short by the appearance of the visitor himself; who had followed, without permission, from the room to which he had been shown: a tall, erect, elderly man, attired in an ample blue coat and top-boots. His white hair was long, his dark eyes were keen. The latter seemed to take in the room and its inmates, his glance passing rapidly from each to each, as he stood holding his broad-brimmed hat and his stout walking-stick. Ethel knew him instantly for the

stranger who had entered the Dolphin Inn while she was helping Mrs. Bent with the raisins an hour, or so, ago : and the probability was that he recognized her, for his eyes rested on her for a few seconds.

Mr. Castlemaine had risen. He went a step or two forward as if about to speak, but seemed to be uncertain. The stranger abruptly forestalled him.

"Do you know me, James Castlemaine?"

"Why—yes—is it not Squire Dobie?" replied Mr. Castlemaine, holding out his hand.

"Just so," replied the stranger, keeping his hands down. "Perhaps you won't care to take my hand when you know that I have come here as a foe."

"As a foe?" repeated Mr. Castlemaine.

"At present. Until I get an answer to the question I have come to put. What have you done with Basil's son?"

A change passed over the face of Mr. Castlemaine; it was evident to anybody who might be looking at him; a dark look, succeeded by a flush. Squire Dobie broke the momentary silence.

"My old friend Basil's son; Basil the careless: young Anthony Castlemaine."

The Master of Greylands was himself again. "I do not understand you," he said with slow distinctness. "I have done nothing with the young man."

"Then rumour belies you, James Castlemaine."

"I assure you, Squire Dobie, that I know no more whither young Anthony Castlemaine went to, or where he is now, than you know. It has been a mystery to myself, as to every one else at Greylands."

"I got home to Dobie Hall last week," continued the stranger; "mean to stay at it now; have only made flying visits to it since it became mine through poor Tom's death. Drove into Stilborough yesterday for the first time; put up at the Turk's Head. Landlord, old Will Heyton, waited on me himself this morning at breakfast, talking of the changes, and what not, that years have brought, since I and poor Tom, and Basil the reckless, and other rollicking blades used to torment the inn in the years gone by. We got to speak of Basil; 'twas only natural; and he told me that Basil had died abroad about last Christmas time; and that his son, named Anthony, had come over soon after to put in his claim to his patrimony, Greylands' Rest. He said that Anthony had suddenly disappeared one night; and was thought to have been—to have been *made away with*."

During this short explanation, they had not moved. The speaker stood just within the door, which Miles had closed, Mr. Castlemaine facing him a few paces distant. Madame Guise, waiting for Flora, had turned to the stranger, her face changing to the pallor of the grave. The Master of Greylands caught sight of the pallor, and it angered

him : angered him that one should dare to speak of this remarkably unsatisfactory topic in the presence of the ladies of his family, startling and puzzling them. But he controlled his voice and manner to a kind of indifferent courtesy.

"If you will take a seat—and a glass of wine with me, Squire Dobie, I will give you all the information I possess on the subject of young Anthony's disappearance. It is not much ; it does not really amount to anything : but such as it is, you shall hear it.—My wife, Mrs. Castlemaine. Sophia," turning to her as he made the introduction, "you had finished, I know : be so good as to leave us to ourselves."

They filed out of the room : Flora first, with Madame Guise ; Ethel and her step-mother following. The latter, who knew something of the Dobie family, at least by reputation, halted to exchange a few words with the representative of it as she passed him. To judge by her manner it seemed that she had put no offensive construction on his address to her husband : and the probability was that she did not. Mrs. Castlemaine might have been less aware than anybody of the disagreeable rumours whispered in Greylands, tacitly if not openly connecting her husband with the doings of that ill-fated night.

Squire Dobie, remarking that he did not like to sit with his back to the fire, passed round the table and took the chair vacated by Ethel. He was the second son of the old Squire Dobie of Dobie Hall, a fine old place and property nearly on the confines of the county. In the years gone by, as he had phrased it, he and his elder brother, Tom the heir, had been very intimate with Basil Castlemaine. Separation soon came. Basil went off on his impromptu travels abroad—from which, as the reader knows, he never returned ; Tom Dobie, the heir, remained with his father at the Hall, never marrying : Alfred, this younger son, married a Yorkshire heiress, and took up his abode on her broad acres. It has been mentioned that Tom Dobie kept up a private occasional correspondence with Basil Castlemaine, and knew where he was settled, but that has nothing to do with the present moment. Some two years ago Tom died. His father, the old Squire, survived him by a year : and at his death the Hall fell to Alfred, who became Squire in his turn : he who had now intruded on Mr. Castlemaine.

"No, thank you ; no wine," he said, as Mr. Castlemaine was putting the decanter towards him. "I never drink between my meals ; and I've ordered my dinner for six o'clock at the Turk's Head. I await your explanation, James Castlemaine. What did you do with young Anthony ?"

"May I ask whether Will Heyton told you I had done anything with him ?" returned Mr. Castlemaine, in as sarcastic a tone as the very extreme limit of civility allowed him to use.

"No. Will Heyton simply said the young man had disappeared : that he had been seen to enter that queer place, the Friar's Keep, at

midnight, with, or closely following upon, the Master of Greylands. When I enquired whether the Master of Greylands was supposed to have *caused* him to disappear, old Will simply shrugged his shoulders, and looked more innocent than a baby. The story affected me, James Castlemaine; I went out from the breakfast table, calling here, calling there, upon the people I had formerly known in the town. I got talking of it with them all, and heard the same tale over and over again. None accused you, mind; but I gathered what their *thoughts* were: that you must have had a personal hand in the disappearance of Anthony, or, at least, a personal knowledge of what became of him."

Mr. Castlemaine had listened in silence; perfectly unmoved. Squire Dobie regarded him keenly with his dark and searching eyes.

"I know but little of the matter; less, apparently, than you know," he quietly said. "I am ready to tell you what that little is—but it will not help you, Squire Dobie."

"What do you mean in saying less than I know?"

"Because I never was near the Friar's Keep at all on that night. Your informants, I presume, must have been, by their assuming to know so much."

"They know nothing. It is all conjecture."

"Oh, all conjecture!" returned Mr. Castlemaine, with the air of one suddenly enlightened. "And you come here and accuse me on conjecture? I ought to feel supremely indebted to you, Alfred Dobie."

"What they do say—that is not conjecture—is, that it was you who preceded Basil's son into the Keep."

"Who says it?"

"Basil's son said it, and thought it: it was only that that took him in, poor fellow. The landlord of the inn here, John Bent, saw it and says it."

"But John Bent was mistaken. And you have only his word, remember, for asserting that Basil's son saw or said."

Squire Dobie paused, looking full at his host, as if he could gather by looks whether he was deceiving him or not.

"Was it, or was it not, you who went into the Keep, James Castlemaine?"

"It was not. I have said from the first, I repeat it to you now, that I was not near the Keep that night: unless you call Teague's Hutt near it. As a matter of fact, the Hutt is near it, of course; but we estimate distances relatively——"

"I know how near it is," interrupted Squire Dobie. "I came round that way just now, up the lane; and took soundings of the places."

"Good. I went down to Teague's that night—you have no doubt heard all about the why and the wherefore. I smoked a pipe with Teague while making the arrangements to go out with him on the morrow; and I came straight back again from the Hutt here, getting

home at half past eleven. I hear that Teague says he watched me up the lane : which I am sure I was not conscious of."

"You were at home here by half past eleven?" spoke Squire Dobie.

"It had not gone the half hour."

"And did not go down the lane again?"

"Certainly not. I had nothing to go for. On the following morning before it was light I was roused from my bed by tidings of the death of my brother Peter, and I went off at once to Stilborough."

"Poor Peter!" exclaimed the Squire. "What a nice steady young fellow he was!—just the opposite of Basil. And what a name he made for himself!"

"When I returned to Greylands in the afternoon," quietly went on Mr. Castlemaine, "and found that Anthony was said to have disappeared unaccountably, and that my name was being bandied about in connection with it, you may imagine my astonishment."

"Yes, if you were really ignorant."

The Master of Greylands half rose from his chair, and then resumed it. His spirit, subdued hitherto, was quickening.

"Forbearance has its limits, Squire Dobie; so has courtesy. Will you inform me by what right you come into my house and persist in these most offensive and aspersive questions?"

"By the right of my former friendship for your brother Basil. I have no children of my own; never had any; and when I heard this tale, my heart warmed to Poor Basil's son: I resolved to take up his cause, and try to discover what had become of him."

"Pardon me, that does not give you the right to intrude here with these out-spoken suspicions."

"I think it does. The suspicions are abroad, James Castlemaine, ignore the fact to yourself as you may. Your name is cautiously used: people must be cautious, you know: not used at all perhaps in any way that could be laid hold of. One old fellow, indeed, whispered a pretty broad word; but caught it up again when half said."

"Who was he?" asked the Master of Greylands.

"I'll be shot if I tell you. John Bent? No, that it was not: John Bent seems as prudent as the rest of them. Look here, James Castlemaine: if an impression exists against you, you must not blame people, but circumstances. Look at the facts. Young Anthony comes over to claim this property which you hold, believing it to be his. You tell him it is not his, that it is yours: but you simply *tell* him this; you do not, in spite of his earnest request, prove it to him. There's bad blood between you; at any rate there is on your side; and you have an open encounter in a field, where you abuse him and try to strike him. That same night he and John Bent, being abroad together, see you cross the road from this Chapel Lane, that leads direct from your house, you know, and enter the Friar's Keep; young Anthony runs over in

your wake, and enters it also : and from that blessed moment he is never seen by mortal eyes again. People outside hear a shot and a scream—and that's all. Look dispassionately at the circumstances for yourself if they do not afford grounds for suspicion."

"If all the facts were true—yes. The most essential link in all is without foundation—that it was I who went into the Friar's Keep. Let me put a question to you—what object can you possibly suppose I should have in quitting my house at midnight to pay a visit to that ghostly place?"

"I don't know."

"If John Bent is really correct in his assertion, that some one did cross from the lane to the Friar's Keep, I can only assume it to have been a stranger. No inhabitant of Greylands, as I believe and now assure you, Squire Dobie, would voluntarily enter that place in the middle of the night. It has an ill reputation for superstition : all kinds of ghostly fancies attach to it. I should about as soon think of quitting my house at night to pay a visit to the moon, as to the Friar's Keep."

Squire Dobie sat in thought. All this was more than plausible ; difficult to discredit. He began to wonder whether he had not been hard upon James Castlemaine.

"What is your opinion upon the disappearance?" he asked. "You must have formed one."

Mr. Castlemaine lifted his dark eyebrows. "I can't form one," he said. "Sometimes I have thought Anthony must have attempted to run down the rocks by the uncertain path from the chapel ruins, and have perished in the sea ; at others I think he may have left Greylands voluntarily that night, and will some day or other reappear again as unexpectedly. His father, Basil, was given to these impromptu flights, you know."

"But this is all supposition?"

"Undoubtedly it is. Who was it, then, that they watched into the Keep, you ask?—that is the least to-be-accounted-for statement of all. My opinion is that no one entered it ; that John Bent's eyesight deceived him."

"And now one more question, James," resumed the Squire, insensibly returning to the more familiar appellation of former days : "is Greylands' Rest yours, or was it left to Basil?"

"It is mine."

"Did it come to you by will?"

For a moment Mr. Castlemaine hesitated before giving an answer. The persistent questioning annoyed him ; and yet he did not know how escape it.

"It became mine by Deed of Gift."

"Why did you not show the Deed to Anthony?"

"I might have done so had he waited. He was too impatient. To

no one, save yourself, have I acknowledged so much, Squire Dobie. I recognise in none the right to question me."

Squire Dobie rose, taking his hat and stick from the side table where he had laid them, and held out his hand to Mr. Castlemaine.

"If you are an innocent man, James, and I have said what cannot be justified, I heartily beg your pardon. Perhaps time will clear up the mystery. Meanwhile, if you will come over to Dobie Hall and bring your family to stay a few days, I shall be glad to welcome you. Who was that nice-looking, delicate-featured woman with the light hair?"

"With the light hair?—oh, my little daughter's governess. Madame Guise; a French lady."

"And the very pretty girl who was sitting by you."

"Miss Reene. She is my wife's step-daughter."

Squire Dobie took his departure, Mr. Castlemaine walking with him to the hall door. When outside, he stood for an instant, as if deliberating which way to choose—the avenue, or the obscure by-way of Chapel Lane. He took the latter.

"I'll see this Commodore Teague and hear his version of it," he said to himself as he went on. "James Castlemaine speaks fairly, but doubts of him still linger on my mind: though why they should I know not."

Walking briskly up the lane came a tall, handsome young fellow, who bore a great resemblance to the Castlemaines. Squire Dobie accosted him. "You should be James Castlemaine's son, young man."

Harry stopped. "I am the son of the Master of Greylands."

"Ay. Can't mistake a Castlemaine. I am Squire Dobie. You've heard of the Dobies?"

"Oh dear yes. I knew Mr. Tom Dobie and the old Squire."

"To be sure. Well, there's only me left of them. I have been to pay a visit to your father."

"I hope you found him at home, sir."

"Yes, and have been talking with him. Well, you are a fine young fellow: over six feet, I suppose. I wish I had a son like you! Was that poor cousin of yours, young Anthony—who seems to have vanished more mysteriously than anybody ever vanished yet—was he a Castlemaine?"

"Not in height: he was rather short. But he had a regular Castlemaine face; as nice-looking as they say my Uncle Basil's used to be."

"What has become of him?"

"I don't know. I wish I did know," Harry added earnestly.

They parted. That this young fellow had borne no share in the business, and would be glad to find its elucidation, Squire Dobie saw. Turning down the little path, when he came to it, that led to the Hutt, he knocked at the door.

Commodore Teague was at dinner: taking it in the kitchen to save trouble. But he had the free and easy manners of a sailor, and ushered

his unknown guest in without ceremony, and gave him the best seat, while the Squire introduced himself and his object in calling.

Squire Dobie?—come to know about that there business of young Mr. Castlemaine's, and how he got lost and where he went to : well, in his opinion it was all just moonshine. Yes, moonshine ; and perhaps it might be also Squire Dobie's opinion that it was moonshine if he could get to the top and bottom of it. Couldn't be a doubt that the young man had come out o' the Keep after going into it—'twarn't likely he'd stay long in that there ghostly place—and went off somewhere of his own accord. That's what he, Jack Teague, thought : though he'd not answer for it, neither, that the young fellow might not have made a false step on the slippery rock path, and gone head foremost down to Davy Jones's locker. The shot and scream? Didn't believe there ever was a scream that night ; thought John Bent dreamt it ; and the shot came from him, Teague : after cleaning his gun he loaded it and fired it off. The most foolish thing in it all was to suspect the Master of Greylands of marching into the Keep. As if he'd want to go there at midnight ! or at any other time, for the matter of that. Mr. Castlemaine went away from his place between eleven and half-after ; and he, Jack Teague, saw him go up the lane towards his house with his own eyes : 'twarn't likely he'd come *down* it again for the purpose of waylaying young Anthony, or what not.

Now this was the substance of all that the anxious old friend of Basil Castlemaine could obtain from Commodore Teague. The Commodore was a rough, honest, jovial-speaking man, who seemed incapable of deceit, or of double-dealing : and, indeed, as Squire Dobie asked himself, why should he be guilty of it in this matter. He went away fairly puzzled, not knowing what to think ; and leaving the savoury smell, proceeding from the Commodore's stew getting cold on the table.

Crossing the road, as he emerged from the lane, the Squire entered the chapel ruins, and went to the edge of the land there. He saw the narrow, tortuous, and certainly, for those who had not a steady foot and head, dangerous path that led down to the strip of beach below : which beach was not discernible now, for it was high water. The path was rarely trodden by man : the ill-reputation of the Friar's Keep kept the village away from it : and, otherwise, there was no possible inducement to tempt men down it. Neither, as some instinct taught Squire Dobie, had it been taken that night by young Anthony Castlemaine.

CHAPTER XX.

IN THE CHAPEL RUINS.

MADAME GUISE sat buried in a reverie. Ethel was reading a French book aloud ; Flora was practising : but Madame, supposed to be listening to both, heard neither the one nor the other.

Every minute of the hours that had passed since she saw the diamond ring of her unfortunate husband concealed in Mr. Castlemaine's bureau, had been one of agony. The fright and horror she had experienced in the search was also telling upon her: her head ached, her pulses throbbed, her brain was fevered: and but for the dread of drawing attention to herself, that, in her nervousness, she feared might lead to suspicion, she would have pleaded illness and asked permission to remain that day in her chamber. No one but herself knew how she shrunk from Mr. Castlemaine: she could not be in the same room with him without feeling faint; to sit next to him at the dinner-table, to be perhaps, inadvertently touched by him, was nothing less than torture.

The finding of the ring was a proof to her that her husband had in truth met with the awful fate suspected; the concealment of the ring in the bureau, a sure and certain sign that Mr. Castlemaine was its author. When they were intruded upon at table by Squire Dobie with his accusing words, Charlotte Guise had been scarcely able to suppress her emotion. Mr. Castlemaine, in catching sight of the pallor of her face, had attributed it simply to the abrupt mention of the disagreeable subject: could he have suspected its true cause he had been far more put out than even by Squire Dobie's words. An idea had crossed Charlotte Guise—what if she were to declare herself to this good old gentleman, and beseech him to take up her cause.

But she did not dare. It was this that she was thinking of now, when she ought to have been attending to Miss Flora's imperfect finger-ring. There were reasons why she might not; why, as she clearly saw, it might cause her harm instead of good. With the one sole exception of the ring, there was no shadow of proof against Mr. Castlemaine: and upon the first slight breathing of hostilities, how quickly might he not do away with the ring for ever! And, once let it be declared that she was Anthony's wife, that her chief business in the house was to endeavour to track out the past, she would be expelled from it summarily and the door closed against her. How could she pursue her search then? No, she must not risk it; she must stay at her post.

"I *should* think I've practised long enough for one afternoon, Madame!"

Flora gave a final dash at the keys as she spoke—enough to set a stoic's teeth on edge. Madame looked up languidly.

"Yes, you may shut the piano. My headache is painful and I cannot properly attend to you."

No need of further permission. Flora shut down the lid with a bang, and disappeared. Ethel closed her book.

"I beg your pardon for my thoughtlessness, Madame Guise. I ought not to have read to you: I forgot your headache. Can I get you anything for it?"

"Your reading has not hurt me at all, my dear. No, nothing : only time will cure me."

Ethel, who had moved to the window, and was standing at it, suddenly burst into a laugh.

"I was thinking of that old gentleman's surprise," she said, "when he saw me here. His looks expressed it. Where do you think he had seen me to-day before, Madame Guise?"

The mention of the old gentleman—Squire Dobie—aroused Madame's interest. She lifted her languid head quickly. "I do not know."

"In Mrs. Bent's best kitchen, stoning raisins. I went into the Dolphin to get something for mamma, and began to help Mrs. Bent to do them, for she said she should be late with her pudding. Old Squire Dobie came in and saw me at them. When he found me at home here at dinner, I know he was puzzled."

"What a—strange manner he had ;—what curious things he said to Mr. Castlemaine !" spoke Madame, seizing upon the opportunity.

"Yes," said Ethel, flushing scarlet. "I thought him very rude."

"He seemed to think that—that the young Mr. Anthony I have heard tell of was really killed in secret."

"You cannot help people thinking things."

"And by Mr. Castlemaine."

"It was very wrong of him ; it must be very foolish. I wonder papa took it so calmly."

"*You* do not think it could be so, then?"

"*I*! Is it likely, Madame Guise?"

"But suppose—my dear Miss Ethel, suppose some one were to tell you that it was so : that they had proof of it?"

"Proof of what?"

"Proof that Mr. Castlemaine did know what became of An—of the Mr. Anthony : proof that harm came to him?"

"I should laugh at them," said Ethel.

"And not believe it?"

"No, never."

Ethel left the room with the last words : perhaps to avoid the topic. Madame thought so, and sighed as she looked after her. It was only natural, she thought : when we are fond of people we neither care to hear ill spoken of them, nor believe the ill ; and Ethel was very fond of Mr. Castlemaine. Charlotte Guise did not wonder : but for this dreadful suspicion, she would have liked him herself. In fact she had insensibly begun to like him, in spite of her prejudices, until this new and most convincing proof of his guilt was discovered in his bureau : the search for which had cost her conscience so much to set about, had taxed her fears so cruelly in the act, and was giving her so intense a torment now. "I wonder what will come of it all in the end?" she cried with a slight shiver. "Qui vivra, verra."

One of the Grey Sisters appeared at Greylands' Rest by and by, bringing up little Marie Guise. Mrs. Castlemaine had graciously invited the child to take tea with her mother. But Mrs. Castlemaine was one who rarely did a kindness without some inward motive—generally a selfish one. Marie was beginning to speak a little English now; but never willingly; never when her French could be by any possibility understood. To her mother she invariably spoke in French; and Mrs. Castlemaine had made the private discovery that, to hear the child and her mother speak together, might improve Flora's accent. So Madame Guise was quite at liberty to have Marie up to tea as often as she liked.

"Do you remember your papa, dear?" asked Mrs. Castlemaine in English, as they sat round the table; Mr. Castlemaine having gone to dine at the Dolphin.

"Sais pas," responded Marie shyly, hanging her head at the question.

"Do you like England better than France, Marie?" went on Mrs. Castlemaine.

"Sais pas," repeated the child unwillingly, as if she meant to cry.

"How is the little burnt girl? Better?"

"Sais pas, moi."

Evidently it was profitless work, the examining of Miss Marie Guise. Ethel laughed, and began talking to her in French. At best, she was but a timid little thing.

Madame Guise started at the dusk hour to take her home; proceeding by the front, open way, down the wide avenue and the high road. At the door of the Dolphin stood Mrs. Bent, a large cooking-apron tied round her waist. She was wiping a cut-glass jug with a soft cloth, and apparently had stepped to the door while giving some directions to Ned the man: who stood ready to run off somewhere without his hat.

"Mind, Ned; the very best mocha. And unless it is the best, don't bring it. I'd sooner use what I've got in the house."

Ned started off across the road in the direction of the beach: no doubt to Pike the grocer's. Mrs. Bent was whisking in again, when she caught sight of Madame Guise and little Marie.

"You are busy this evening," said Madame.

"We've got a dinner on," replied Mrs. Bent, stooping to kiss Marie, of whom she had grown very fond during the child's sojourn and illness at the inn. "And I had no notice of it till midday—which of course makes one all the busier. I like to get things forward the day beforehand, and not leave 'em to the last minute: but if you don't know of it you can't do that."

"A dinner?—Yes, I think I heard it said at home that Mr. Castlemaine was dining at the Dolphin."

"He is here, for one. There are five of them altogether. Captain Scott—some grand man he is, they say, who goes about to look up the

coast-guard in places ; and Superintendent Nettleby ; and Mr. Blackett of the Grange. Lawyer Knivett of Stilborough makes the fifth, a friend of Captain Scott's. And I must run in, ma'am, for I'm wanted ten ways at once this evening."

Madame Guise passed on to the Nunnery, and entered it with the child. Sister Betsey shook her head, intimating that it was late for the little one to come in, considering that she had not long recovered from an illness : and she took her away at once.

This left Madame Guise alone with Miss Castlemaine. Mary Ursula sat away from the light, doing nothing : an unusual thing, for the Sisters made it a point to be always employed. The muslin cap was on her bright hair, and her mourning dress, all crape, handsomer than was strictly consistent with the plain ideas of the community, fell in soft folds around her. These costly robes of Sister Mary Ursula's had been somewhat of a stumbling-block in her change of existence : but, as all the Sisters said, it would be a sin against thrift to do away with them before they were worn out.

"You are thinking me very idle," she said to Madame Guise in a light tone of half apology for being caught with her hands before her. "But the truth is, I am feeling very tired this evening ; unequal to work. I had a sleepless night last night, and got up with a headache this morning."

"I, too, had a sleepless night," said Madame Guise, forgetting caution in the sympathy of the moment. "Troubles were tormenting me."

"What troubles have you?" asked Mary Ursula in a kind, gentle tone. "You are satisfied with the care the Sisters give your little one?"

"Oh quite ; quite. I am sure she is happy here."

"And you have told me that she and you are alone in the world."

Madame Guise untied her bonnet, and laid it on the chair beside her, before replying.

"Most of us have our troubles in some shape or another, I expect ; sometimes they are of a nature that we do not care to speak of. It is that thing that the English call a skeleton in the closet. But—pardon me, Miss Castlemaine—you and I are both young to have already found the skeleton."

"True," said Mary Ursula : and for a moment she was silent from delicacy, intending to drop the subject. But her considerate goodness of heart induced her to speak again.

"You are a lonely exile here, Madame Guise ; the land and its people are alike strange to you. If you have any source of trouble or care that it would be a comfort to you to share with another, or that I could in any way help to alleviate, impart it to me. You shall find me a true friend."

"Just for one delusive instant, the impulse to take this grand and

sweet and kindly lady into her confidence, to say to her I am trying to trace out my poor husband's fate, swayed Charlotte Guise. The next, she remembered that it must not be ; that she was Miss Castlemaine.

"You are only too good and kind," she rejoined in a sad, faint tone. "I wish I could ; I should ask nothing better : but there are some of our burthens we must bear alone."

"Are you quite comfortable at Greylands' Rest?" asked Mary Ursula, unable to repress the suspicion that Mrs. Castlemaine's temper or her young daughter's insolence might be rendering the governess's place a trying one.

"Yes—pretty well. That is, I should be," she hastily added, speaking on the impulse of the moment, "if I were quite sure the house was an honest one."

"The house an honest one!" echoed Mary Ursula in undisguised astonishment, a haughty flush dyeing her face. "What do you mean?"

"Ah, pardon me, madam!—It may be that I mistake terms—I am not English. I did not mean to say it was a thief's house."

"But what do you mean?"

Madame Guise looked full at the questioner. She spoke after a short consideration, dropping her voice to a half whisper.

"I would like to know—to feel sure—that Mr. Castlemaine did not do anything with that poor young man, his nephew."

Mary Ursula sat half confounded—the rejoinder was so very unexpected, the subject so entirely disagreeable.

"At least, Madame Guise, that cannot be any affair of yours."

"You are angry with me, madam ; your words are cold, your tones resentful. The first evening that I arrived at Greylands I chanced to hear about that young man. Mollee, the servant at the inn, came up to help me make the tisane for my little child, and she talked. She told of the young man's strange disappearance, saying he was supposed to have been murdered : and that Mr. Castlemaine knew of it. Ah, it had a great effect upon me, that history ; I was cold and miserable, and my little one was ill ; I could not get it away from my mind."

"I think you might have done so by this time," frigidly remarked Mary Ursula.

"But it comes up now and again," she rejoined, "and that keeps alive the remembrance. Events bring it up. Only to-day, when we had not left the dinner-table, some stranger came pushing his way into the room behind Miles, asking Mr. Castlemaine what he had done with Basil's son, young Anthony. It put Mr. Castlemaine out ; I saw his face change ; and he sent us all from the room."

Mary Ursula forgot her coldness. It was this very subject that had deprived her past night of sleep : though she could no more confess it to Madame Guise than the latter could confess. The two were playing unconsciously at hide-and-seek with one another.

"Who was the stranger, Madame Guise?"

"Mr. Castlemaine called him Squire Dobie. They were together ever so long. Mr. Castlemaine, I say, did not like it: one might see that. Oh, when I think of what might have happened that night to the young Anthony, it makes me shudder."

"The best thing you can do is *not* to think of it, Madame Guise. It is nothing to you, one way or the other. And it is scarcely in good taste for you to be suspicious of Mr. Castlemaine while you are eating his bread. Rely upon it, when this matter shall have been cleared up—if it ever is cleared—Mr. Castlemaine will be found to be as good and honest as you are."

The bell for the Sisters' supper rang clanging out. Madame Guise put her bonnet on, and rose.

"Do forgive me," she whispered with deprecation. "I ought not to have mentioned it to you; I did not wish to offend, or to hurt your feelings. But I am very lonely here; I have but my own heart to commune with."

And thoughts are free, reflected Mary Ursula. It was only natural that the mysterious story should lay hold of her.

"Be at ease," she said, taking Madame Guise's hand. "Dismiss it from your mind. It is not a thing that need trouble *you*."

"Not trouble me!" repeated Madame Guise to herself as she went through the gate. "It is me alone that it ought to trouble, of all in the wide world."

She turned to the right, intending to go home by Chapel Lane, instead of the broad open front road: but to pass the Friar's Keep at any period of the day and especially at night, had for Charlotte Guise an irresistible fascination. Some instinct within her, whether false or true, was always whispering that it was there she must seek for traces of her husband.

She reached the gate of the chapel ruins, hesitated, and then entered it. The same fascination that drew her to pass the Friar's Keep on her road home, caused her to enter the ruins that led into it. A shiver, induced by nervousness, took her as she closed the gate behind her; and she did not pass into the Keep, but crossed over to the edge of the cliff. The sea and the boats on it seemed like company.

Not that many boats could be seen. Just two or three, fishing lower down beyond the village, rather far off in fact; but their lights proved that they were there, and it made her feel less lonely. It was not a very light night: no moon, and the stars did not shine over brightly: but the atmosphere was clear, and the moss-covered wall of the Friar's Keep, with its gothic door, might be seen very distinctly.

"If I only dared go in and search about!—with a lantern or something of that!" she said to herself, glancing sideways at it. "I might come upon some token, some bit of his dress, perhaps, that had been

torn away in the struggle. For a struggle there must have been. Anthony was brave, and he would not let them take his life without having a fight for it. Unless they shot him without warning ! ”

Burying her face in her hands, she shudderingly rehearsed over to herself what that struggle had probably been. It was foolish of her to do this, for it gave her unnecessary pain : but she had got into the habit of indulging these thoughts instead of checking them ; and perhaps they came unbidden. You must not cherish your sorrow, we say to some friend who is overwhelmed with grief and despair. No, answers the poor sufferer : but how can I help it ? Just so was it with Charlotte Guise. Day by day, night by night, she saw only her husband and his unhappy fate ; she was as a sick person in some fever-dream, whose poor brain has seized hold of one idea and rambles upon it for ever.

“ There’s the ring in Mr. Castlemaine’s bureau !—and if I could find some other token of his person here, elucidation might come of it,” she resumed, lifting her head. “ A button ; a glove ; a torn bit of cloth ?—I should know them all. It is *penible* to continue to lead this false life ! As I am, unknown, I can do nothing. I may not even ask John Bent to let me take just one look at his dear effects, or as much as open the lid of his small desk. While I am Madame Guise, it is no affair of mine, I should be told ; I must not concern myself with it : but if I might show to the world that I am Charlotte Castlemaine, the right would be all mine. It is awkward ; because I may not show it to them ; and I can only search out traces in secret : that Friar’s Keep may hold proofs of what his fate has been, if I could but go in and look for them.”

She turned her head towards the old building, but not very courageously : at the best, it was but a ghostly-looking place at night : and then turned it back and gazed out to sea again.

“ No. I should not have the bravery to go in alone ; even if I could secure a lantern. There’s that revenant that comes : and it might appear to me. I saw it as distinctly last night from Mr. Castlemaine’s window as I ever saw anything in my life. And if I were in the place, and it appeared to me, I should die of fear. I think I half died of fear last night when I heard the voice of Mr. Harry : there was he, before me, and there was the revenant over here, behind me ; and—— ”

Some sound behind her at this moment nearly made Charlotte Guise start out of her skin. When buried in ghostly visions—say, for instance, in reading a frightful tale alone at night—we all know how a sudden noise will shake the nerves. The gate was opening behind Charlotte, and the fright sent her bang against the wall. There she cowered in the corner, her black clothes drawn round her, suppressing the cry that would have risen to her lips, and praying to escape detection.

She did escape it. Thanks to the shade cast by the angle of projecting wall, and to her dark clothes, she remained unseen. It was Harry

Castlemaine who had entered. He advanced to the edge of the cliff, but not near to her, and stood there for a few moments, apparently looking out to sea. Then he pushed open the gothic door, and passed into the Friar's Keep.

What was Charlotte Guise to do? Should she make a dart for the gate to get away, running the risk of his coming out again and pouncing upon her; or should she stay where she was until he had gone again? She decided for the former, for her present situation was intolerable. After all, if he did see her, she must make the excuse that she had crossed the ruins to take a look at the beautiful sea: he could not surely suspect anything from that!

But this was not to be accomplished. She was just about to glide away from her hiding-place, when the gate again opened, and some other figure, after looking cautiously about, came gliding into the ruins. A woman's light figure, enveloped in a dark cloak, its hood concealing the head and partly the face. It crossed the ruins cautiously, with a side look steadily directed to the Keep door, as if to guard against surprise, and then stood at the edge, looking out to sea. By the glimpse of the profile turned sideways to her, Madame Guise thought it was the young girl they called Jane Hallet.

Slowly turning away from the sea, the girl was apparently about to steal back again, when she suddenly drew herself close against the old moss-eaten wall of the Friar's Keep, and crouched down there. At the same moment, Harry Castlemaine came out of the Keep, strode with a quick step to the gate, and passed through it. The girl had evidently heard him coming out, and wished to avoid him. He crossed the road to Chapel Lane; and she, after taking another steady look across the sea, quitted the ruins also, and went scuttering down the hill in the direction of her home.

Charlotte Guise breathed again. Apart from her husband's disappearance and the tales of the revenant she so dreaded, Charlotte could not help thinking that things connected with the Friar's Keep looked romantic and mysterious. Giving ample time for Harry Castlemaine to have got half way up the lane on his road home, she entered the lane herself, after glancing up at the two windows, behind which the Grey Friar was wont to appear. All was dark and silent to-night.

She had not gone ten paces up the lane, when quick, firm footsteps, were heard behind her: those of the Master of Greylands. Not caring to encounter him, still less that he should know she chose that lonely road for returning home at night, she drew aside among the trees while he passed. He turned down to the Hutt, and Madame Guise went hastening onwards.

Mr. Castlemaine was on his way homewards from the dinner at the Dolphin. When the party broke up, he had given his arm to Nettleby the superintendent; who had decidedly taken as much as he could

conveniently carry. Captain Scott had taken the same—for in those days hard drinking was thought less ill of than it is in these—and had fallen fast asleep in one of John Bent's good old-fashioned chairs. As Mr. Castlemaine came out of the superintendent's gate, after seeing him safely indoors, he found Lawyer Knivett there.

"Why, Knivett, is it you? I thought you and the captain were already on your road to Stilborough."

"Time enough," replied the lawyer. "Will you take a stroll on the beach? It's a nice night."

Mr. Castlemaine put his arm within the speaker's, and they crossed over in that direction. Both of them were sober as judges. It was hardly light enough to see much of the beauty of the sea; but Mr. Knivett professed to enjoy it, saying he did not get the chance of its sight or its breezes at Stilborough. In point of fact, he had something to say to the Master of Greylands, and did not care to enter upon the subject abruptly.

"Weary work, it must be, for those night fishermen!" remarked the lawyer, pointing to the two or three stationary lights in the distance.

"They are used to it, Knivett."

"I suppose so. Use goes a great way in this life. By the way, Mr. Castlemaine—it has just occurred to me—I wish you'd let me give you a word of advice, and receive it in good part."

"What is it? Speak out."

"Could you not manage to show the deed of tenure by which you own Greylands' Rest?" pursued the lawyer, insensibly dropping his voice.

"I suppose I could if I chose," replied Mr. Castlemaine, after a scarcely perceptible pause.

"Then I should recommend you to do so. I have wanted to say this to you for some little time; but the truth is, I did not know how you would take it."

"Why have you wanted to say it to me?"

"Well—the fact is, people are talking. People will talk, you know—great idiots! If you could contrive to let somebody see the deed—of course you'd not seem to show it purposely—by which you hold the property, the world would be convinced that you had no cause to—wish young Anthony out of the way, and would stop its blatant tongue. *Do so*, Mr. Castlemaine."

"I conclude you mean to insinuate that the world is saying I put Anthony out of the way."

"Something of that. Oh, people are foolish simpletons at the best. Of course, there's nothing in it; they are sure of that; but, don't you perceive, once let them know that young Anthony's pretensions had not a leg to stand upon, and they'd shut up at once. If you have the

deed at hand, let it be seen one of these first fine days by some worthy man whose word can be taken."

"And that would stop the tongues, you say?"

"Undoubtedly it would. It would be a proof that you, at least, could have no motive for wishing Anthony elsewhere."

"Then, listen to my answer, Knivett: NO. I will never show it for any such purpose; never as long as I live. If the world likes to talk, let it talk."

"It does talk," urged the lawyer ruefully.

"It is quite welcome to talk, for me. I am astonished at you, Knivett; you might have known me better than to suggest such a thing. But that you were so valued by my father, and are respected by me, I should have knocked you down."

The haughty spirit of the Master of Greylands had been aroused: he spoke coldly, proudly, and resentfully. Mr. Knivett knitted his brow: but he had partly expected this.

"The suggestion was made in friendliness," he said.

"Of course. But it was a mistake. We will forget it, Knivett."

They shook hands in silence. Mr. Knivett crossed over to the inn, where the fly waited to convey himself and Captain Scott to Stilborough; and the Master of Greylands commenced his walk homewards, taking the road that would lead him through Chapel Lane.

CHAPTER XXI.

MISS HALLET IN THE DUST.

MISS HALLET stood in the parlour of her pretty cottage on the cliff. For a wonder, she was doing nothing—being usually a most industrious body. As she stood upright in deep thought, her spare, straight, up-and-down figure motionless, her pale face still, it might be seen that some matter was troubling her mind. The matter was this: Jane (as she phrased it to herself) was getting beyond her.

A week, or so, had elapsed since the night Jane had made the accident to Polly Gleeson an excuse for staying out late. Children could not be burnt every night,—and yet the fault continued. Each night, since then, had she been out, and stayed later than she ought to stay: a great deal later than her aunt considered was at all proper or expedient. On the previous night, Miss Hallet had essayed to stop it. When Jane put on her cloak to take what she called her run down the cliff, Miss Hallet, in her stern, quiet way, had said, "You are not going out this evening, Jane;" Jane's answer had been, "I must go, aunt; I have something to do"—and went.

"What's to be done if she won't mind me?" deliberated Miss Hallet. "I can't lock her up: she's too old for it. What she can possibly want, flying down the cliff night after night, passes my comprehension.

As to sitting with Goody Dance or any other old fish-wife, as Jane sometimes tells me she has been doing, I don't believe a word of it. It's not in the nature of young girls to shut themselves up so much with the aged. Why, I have heard Jane call *me* old behind my back!—and I want a good twenty or thirty years of old Dame Dance's."

Miss Hallet stopped a minute, to listen to sounds overhead. Jane was up there making the beds. She soon resumed her reflections.

"No, it's not Mother Dance, or any other old mother. It's her love of tattle and gossip. When young girls can get together, the moon or any such foolish subject serves them to chatter of. But that I'm sure there's not a young chap in all the village that Jane would condescend to look at, I might think she had a sweetheart. She holds herself too high for any of them. And quite right too: she *is* above them. They are but a parcel of poor fishers: and as to that young Pike, who serves in his father's shop, he has no more sense in him, and Jane knows it, than a kite's tail. No, it's not sweethearts; it's dawdling and gossip, with Susan Pike and the rest of the foolish girls."

Miss Hallet lifted her eyes to the ceiling, as though she could see through it what Jane was about. By the sound, it seemed that she was sweeping the carpet.

"She is a good girl on the whole; I own that," went on Miss Hallet. "Up betimes in a morning, and keeping steady to whatever she has to do, whether it may be house-work or sewing: and never gadding in the day-time. The run in the evening does her good, she says: perhaps so: but the staying late doesn't. I don't like to be harsh with her," continued Miss Hallet, after a pause. "She stands alone, save for me, now her brother's gone—and she grieves after him still. Moreover, I am not sure that Jane would stand any harsh authority if I did put it forth. Poor George would not—though I am sure I only wanted to control him for his good: he went off and made a home for himself down in the village: and Jane has a touch of her brother's spirit. There's the difficulty."

At this moment Jane ran down the stairs with a broom and dust-pan, and went into the kitchen. Presently she came forth in her bonnet and shawl, a small basket in her hand.

"Where are you off to?" asked Miss Hallet snappishly. For if she did acknowledge to herself that Jane was a good girl, there was no necessity to let Jane know it. And Miss Hallet was one of those rigid, well-meaning people, who can hardly ever speak to friend or foe without appearing cross. All for their good, of course: as this tart tone was for Jane's.

"To buy the eggs, aunt. You told me I was to go for them when I had done the rooms."

"I'll go for the eggs myself," said Miss Hallet, "I'll not be beholden to you to do my errands. Take your bonnet off and get to your work."

Those handkerchiefs of Mrs. Castlemaine's don't seem to progress very quickly."

"They are all finished but one, aunt. There have been the initial letters to work—which Mrs. Castlemaine decided afterwards to have done; and they take time."

"Put off your things, I say."

Jane went away with her bonnet and shawl, came back, and sat down to her sewing. She did not say Why are you so angry with me: she knew quite well why it was, and preferred to avoid unsatisfactory topics. Miss Hallet deliberately attired herself, and went out for the eggs. They kept no servant: the ordinary work of the house was light: and when rougher labour was required, washing and cleaning, a woman came in from the village to do it. The Hallets were originally of fairly good descent. Miss Hallet had been well reared, and her instincts were undoubtedly those of a gentlewoman: but when she was grown up she lost her father, and found that she would have to turn out to do something for a living. She obtained a place in a nobleman's family as lady's maid; and her mistress, finding her superior to the general run of maids, made her somewhat of a companion. Her young brother took to the sea. In the course of years, Miss Hallet retired upon an annuity left her by her lady and also upon some savings of her own: her brother (who had never risen higher than to be the captain of a small schooner) had become a widower with two children. He died: and these children were left to the mercy of the world, very much as he and his sister had been left some twenty years before. Miss Hallet took to them. George was drowned: it has been already stated: Jane was with her still; and, as the reader sees, was not altogether giving satisfaction. In Miss Hallet's opinion, Jane's destiny was already fixed: she would lead a single life, and grow gradually into an old maid, as she herself had done. Miss Hallet considered it the best destiny Jane could invoke: whether it was or not, there was no help for it. Men whom she would have deemed Jane's equals, were above them in position; and she believed Jane would not have looked at an inferior. So Miss Hallet had continued to live on in her somewhat isolated life; civil to the people around her but associating with none; and always conscious that her fortunes and her just merits were at variance.

She attired herself in a rather handsome shawl and close straw bonnet, and went down the cliff after the required eggs. Jane sat at the open parlour window, busy over the last of Mrs. Castlemaine's handkerchiefs. She wore her neat morning print gown, with its small white collar and bow of fresh lilac ribbon, and looked cool and pretty. Miss Hallet grumbled frightfully at anything like extravagance in dress; but at the same time would have rated Jane soundly had she seen her untidy in any one particular. When the echo of her aunt's footsteps had fully

died away, Jane laid the handkerchief on the table, and took from her pocket some other material, which she began to work at stealthily.

That's the right word for it—stealthily. For she glanced cautiously around as if the very moss on the cliff side would take note of it, and she kept her ears well on the alert, to guard against surprise. Miss Hallet had told her she did not get on very quickly with the handkerchiefs: but Miss Hallet did not know, or suspect, that when times were propitious—namely, when she herself was away from observation, or Jane safely shut up in her own room—the handkerchiefs were discarded for this other work. And yet, the work, regarded casually, presented no private or ugly features. It looked like a strip of fine lawn, and was just as nice-looking and snowy as the cambric on the table.

Jane's fingers plied quickly their needle and thread. Presently she slipped a pattern of thin paper out of her pocket, unfolded it, and began to cut the lawn according to its fashion. While thus occupied, her attentive ear caught the sound of approaching footsteps: in a trice, pattern and work were in her pocket again out of sight, and she was diligently pursuing the hem-stitching of the handkerchief.

A tall, plain girl darkened the window: Miss Susan Pike, daughter of Pike, the well-to-do grocer and general dealer. Deep down in Jane Hallet's heart there had always lain an instinctive consciousness, warning her that she was superior to this girl, as well as to Matty Nettleby; but the young crave companionship, and will have it, suitable or unsuitable, where it is to be had. The only young *lady* in the place was Ethel Reese, and Jane Hallet's good sense told her that that companionship would be just as unsuitable the other way: she might as well aspire to covet an intimacy with a Duchess's daughter as with Miss Reese.

"Well, you are hard at work this morning, Jane!" was Miss Susan Pike's unceremonious salutation, as she put her hands upon the window-sill and her head inside.

"Will you come in, Susan?" returned Jane, rising and unslipping the bolt of the door: which she had slipped after the departure of her aunt.

"Them are Mrs. Castlemaine's handkerchiefs, I suppose," observed Susan, responding to the invitation and taking a chair. "Grand fine cambric, ain't it! Well, Jane, you do hem-stitch well, I must say."

"I have to work her initials on them also," remarked Jane. "S. C."

"S. C.," repeated Miss Pike. "What do the S. stand for? What's her Chris'en name?"

"Sophia."

"Sophia!—that is a smart name. Do you work the letters in satin stitch?"

"Yes. With the dots on each side it."

"You learnt all that fine hem-stitching and braider-work at the

Nunnery, Jane—and your aunt knows how to do it too, I suppose. I shouldn't have patience for it. I'd rather lade out treacle all day : and of all precious disagreeable articles our shop serves, treacle's the worst. I hate it—sticking one's hands, and messing the scales. I broke a basin yesterday morning, lading it out," continued Miss Susan : "let it slip through my fingers. Sister Phœby came in for a pound of it, to make the ladies a pudding for dinner, she said ; and I let her basin drop. Didn't mother rate me !"

"Did Sister Phœby say how the child was getting on?—Polly Gleeson."

"Polly's three parts well, I think. Old Parker does not go across there any more. I say, Jane, I came up to ask if you'd come along with me to Stilborough this afternoon."

"I can't," said Jane. "My aunt has been very angry with me this morning. I should no more dare to ask her to let me go to Stilborough than I should dare to fly."

"What has she been angry about ?"

"Oh, about my not getting on with my work, and one thing or other," replied Jane carelessly. "She would not let me fetch some eggs just now ; she's gone herself. And she knows that in a few days' time I shall have to go to Stilborough on my own account."

"She's a nice article for an aunt !" grumbled Miss Susan. "I've got to order in some things for the shop, and I thought it would be pleasant for us two to walk there together. You are *sure* you can't come, Jane ?"

"Quite sure. It is of no use talking of it."

"I must ask Matty Nettleby, then. But I'd rather have had you."

Miss Susan, who was somewhat younger than Jane, and had red hair in curls, and wore dirty pink bonnet strings, and a tumbled, untidy frock (but who would no doubt go off on her expedition to Stilborough finer than an African queen) fingered discontentedly, one by one, the scissors, cotton, and other articles in Jane's workbox. She was not of good temper.

"Well, it's a bother ! I can't think by what right aunts domineer over folks ! And I must be off to keep shop, or I shall have mother about me. Father's got one of his liver bouts, and is lying a-bed till dinner-time."

"I wish you'd bring me a pound of wool from Stilborough, Susan ? You know where I buy it."

"Let's have the number, then."

"Jane gave her a skein of the size and colour wanted, and the money for the purchase. "I'll come down for it this evening," she said. "You'll be back then."

"All right. Good bye, Jane."

"Good bye," returned Jane. And as the damsel's fleet steps betook

her down the cliff, Jane bolted the door again, put the cambric handkerchief aside, and took the private work out of her pocket.

Meanwhile Miss Hallet had reached the village. Not very speedily. When she went out—which was but seldom—she liked to take her leisure over it. She turned aside to Tim Gleeson's cottage, to enquire after Polly; she halted at the door of two or three more poor fishermen's huts to give the good morrow, or ask after the little ones. Miss Hallet's face was cold, her manner haish: but she could feel for the troubles of the world.

The old woman from whom she bought her eggs lived in a small cottage past the Dolphin Inn. Miss Hallet got her basket filled—she and Jane often had eggs and bread-and-butter for dinner to save cooking—paid, and talked a bit with the woman. In returning, Mrs. Bent was at the inn door, in her chintz gown and cherry cap-ribbons.

"Is it you, Miss Hallet! How are you this morning?"

"Quite well, thank you," replied Miss Hallet in her prim way.

"Been getting some eggs, I see," ran on Mrs. Bent unceremoniously. "It's not often *you* come down to do your own errands. Where's Jane?"

"I left her at work," was the answer. "Jane does not get through her sewing as quickly as she might, and I have been telling her of it."

"You can't put old heads upon young shoulders," cried Mrs. Bent. "Girls like to be idle; and that's the truth. What do you suppose I caught that Molly of mine at, last night? Stuck down at the kitchen table, writing a love-letter."

Miss Hallet had her eyes bent on her eggs, as though she were counting them.

"Writing a letter, if you'll believe me! And a fine thing of a letter it was! Smudged with ink, and the writing like nothing on earth but spider's legs in a fit. I ordered it put on the fire. She's not going to waste her time in scribbling to sweethearts while she stays with me."

"Did she rebel?" quickly asked Miss Hallet.

"Rebel! Molly! I should like to see her attempt it. She was just as sheepish as a calf at being found out, and sent the paper into the fire quicker than I could order it in."

Gossip about Mrs. Bent's Molly or any other Molly, was never satisfactory to Miss Hallet. She broke the subject by enquiring after John Bent's health, preparatory to pursuing her way.

"Oh, he's well enough," was Mrs. Bent's answer. "It is not often men get anything the matter with them. If they were possessed of as much common sense as they are of strength, I'd say it was a blessing. That weak-souled husband of mine, seeing Molly piping and sniffing last night, told me privately that he saw no harm in love-letters. He'd see no harm in a score of donkeys prancing over his young plants and other garden stuff, next, leave him alone."

"I am glad Mr. Bent is well. Jane told me last week he was ill."

"He had a bilious attack. Jane came in the same night and saw him with his head on a cushion. By the way—look here, Miss Hallet—talking about Jane—I'd not let her be out quite so much after dark, if I were you."

No words could have been more unwelcome to Miss Hallet than these. She was a very proud woman, never brooking advice of any kind. In her heart she regarded Jane as being infinitely superior to all Greylands, the Greylands' Rest family and the doctor's excepted; and although it pleased herself to reflect upon her niece for gadding about, it did not please her that others should.

"Young girls like their fling; I know that," went on Mrs. Bent. "To coop 'em up in a pen, like a parcel of old hens, doesn't do. But there's reason in all things: and it seems to me that Jane's out night after night."

"My niece comes down the cliff for a run at dusk, when it's too dark for her to see to sew," stiffly responded Miss Hallet. "I have yet to learn, Mrs. Bent, what harm the run can do to her or to you."

"None to me, for certain; I hope none to her. I see her in Mr. Harry Castlemaine's company a little oftener than I should choose a girl of mine to be in it. I do not say it is for any harm; don't take up that notion, Miss Hallet; but Mr. Harry's not the right sort of man, being a gentleman, for Jane to make a companion of."

"And who says Jane does make him her companion?"

"I do. She is with him more than's suitable. And—look here, Miss Hallet, if I'm saying this to you, it is with a good motive and because I have a true regard for Jane, so I hope you will take it in the friendly spirit it's meant. If they walked together by daylight, I'd not think so much of it, though in my opinion that would not be the proper thing, considering the difference between 'em, who he is and who she is: but it is not by daylight, it is after dark."

Miss Hallet felt a sudden chill—as though somebody were pouring cold water down her back. But she was bitterly resentful, and very hard of belief. Mrs. Bent saw the proud lines of the cold face.

"Look here, Miss Hallet. I don't say there's any harm come of it, or likely to come: if I'd thought that, I'd have told you before. Girls are more heedless than the wind, and when they are as pretty as Jane is, young men like to talk to them. Mr. Harry is in and about the village at night—he often says to me how dull his own home is—and he and Jane chance to meet somewhere or other, and they talk and laugh together, roaming about while they do it. But it is not a prudent thing for Jane to do."

"Jane stays with her friends; she is never at a loss for companions," resentfully spoke Miss Hallet. "She sits with old Goody Dance; and

she is a good deal with Miss Nettleby and with Pike's daughter ; sometimes staying in one place, sometimes in another. Why, one evening last week—Thursday, was it? yes, Thursday—she said she was here, helping you."

"So she was here. We had a party in the best room that night. Jane ran in ; and, seeing how busy I was, she helped me to wash up the glass : she's always goodnatured and ready to forward a body. She stayed here till half past eight o'clock."

Miss Hallet's face looked doubly grim. It was nearer half past ten than half past eight when Miss Jane made her appearance at home—as she well remembered.

"And now, don't you go blowing up Jane through what I've said," enjoined Mrs. Bent. "We were young ourselves once, and liked our liberty. She's thoughtless ; that's all ; if she were a few years older, she would have the sense to know that folks might get talking. Just give her a caution : and remind her that Mr. Harry Castlemaine is just about as far above her and us, as the moon's higher than that old weather-cock atop of the nunnery."

Miss Hallet went homewards with her eggs. She had perfect confidence in Jane, in her conduct and principles. Jane, as she believed, would never make a habit of walking with Mr. Harry Castlemaine, or he with her : they had both too much common sense. Unless—and a flush illumined Miss Hallet's face at the sudden thought—unless they had fallen into some foolish, fancied love affair with one another.

"Such things have happened before now, of course," said Miss Hallet to herself as she began her ascent of the cliff. "But they would know better ; both of them ; remembering that nothing could come of it. As to the walking together—I believe that's three parts Mrs. Bent's imagination. It is not *likely* to be true. Good morning, Darke !"

A fisherman in a red cap, jolting down the cliff, had saluted Miss Hallet in passing. She went on with her thoughts.

"Suppose I watch Jane a bit? There's nothing I should so much hate as to speak to her upon a topic such as this, and then find I had spoken without cause. Yes," added Miss Hallet, in a more decisive tone, "that will be the best plan. The next time Jane goes out at dusk, I'll follow her."

The next time happened to be that same evening. Miss Hallet gave not a word of scolding to Jane all day : and the latter kept diligently to her work at Mrs. Castlemaine's handkerchief. At dusk Jane put her warm dark cloak on, and the soft quilted bonnet.

"Where are you going to-night?" questioned Miss Hallet then, with a stress of emphasis on the to-night.

"Just down the cliff, aunt. I want to get the wool Susan Pike was to buy for me at Stilborough."

"Always an excuse for gadding out !" exclaimed Miss Hallet.

"Well, aunt, I must have the wool. I may be wanting it to-morrow."

"You'll toast me two thin bits of toast before you go," said the aunt snappishly.

Jane put off her cloak, and proceeded to cut the slices of bread, and toast them. But the fire was very low, and they took some considerable time to brown properly.

"Do you wish the toast buttered, aunt?"

"No. Cut it in strips. And now go and draw me my ale."

"It is early for supper, aunt."

"You do as you are bid, Jane. If I feel cold, I suppose I am at liberty to drink my ale a trifle earlier than usual, to warm me."

Jane drew the ale in a china mug that held exactly half a pint, and brought it in. It was Miss Hallet's evening allowance: one she never exceeded. Her supper frequently consisted of what she was about to take now: the strips of toast soaked in the ale, and eaten. It was much favoured by elderly people in those days, and was called Toast-and-ale.

Jane resumed her cloak, and was allowed to depart without further hindrance. But, during the detention, the dusk of the evening had become nearly dark. Perhaps Miss Hallet had intended this.

She ate a small portion of the toast very quickly, drank some of the ale, leaving the rest for her return, and had her own bonnet and dark shawl on in no time. Then, locking her house door for safety, she followed in the wake of Jane.

She saw Jane before she reached the foot of the cliff: for the latter's light steps had been detained by encountering Tim and Nancy Gleeson, who could not be immediately got rid of. Miss Hallet halted, as a matter of precaution: it would not answer to overtake her. Jane went onwards, and darted across the road to Pike's shop. Miss Hallet stood in a shady angle underneath the cliff, and waited.

Waited for a good half hour. At the end of that time Jane came out again, a paper parcel in her hand. "The wool," thought Miss Hallet, moving her feet about, for they were getting cramped. "And *now* where's she going? On to the beach, I shouldn't wonder!"

Not to the beach. Jane came back by the side of the shops and turned the corner that led to the Grey Nunnery. Miss Hallet cautiously crossed the road to follow her. When Miss Hallet had her in view again, Jane had halted and seemed to be doing something to her cloak. The aunt managed to make out that Jane was drawing its hood over her quilted bonnet, so as to shade her face. With the loose cloak hiding her figure and the hood the best part of her face, Jane's worst enemy would not have known her speedily.

Away she sped again with a swift foot; not running, but walking lightly and quickly. The stars were very bright: night reigned. Miss Hallet, spare of form, could walk as quickly as Jane, and she kept her in view. Onwards, past the gate of the Nunnery, went Jane, to the

exceeding surprise of Miss Hallet. What could her business be, in that lonely road?—a road that she herself, who had more than double the years and the courage of Jane, would not have especially chosen as a promenade at night. Could Jane be going dancing up to the coast-guard station, to enquire after Henry Mann's sick wife? What simpletons young girls were! They had no sense at all: and thought no more of appearances than——

A shrill noise, right over Miss Hallet's head, cut her reflections suddenly short, and sent her with a start against the Nunnery palings. It was a bird flying across from seaward, which had chosen to make known his presence. The incident did not divert her from the pursuit for more than an instant; but in that instant she lost sight of Jane.

What an extraordinary thing! How had she vanished? When the bird suddenly diverted attention, Jane had nearly gained the gate that led into the chapel ruins; might perhaps have been quite abreast of it. That Jane would not go in *there*, Miss Hallet felt quite convinced of; nobody would go in. She had not crossed the road to Chapel Lane: it was equally certain that she was not anywhere in the road now.

Miss Hallet turned herself about like a bewildered woman. The occurrence was so strangely mysterious as to savour of unreality. The highway had no trap-doors in it: Jane could not have been caught up into the air.

Miss Hallet walked slowly onwards, marvelling, and gazing about in all directions. When opposite the chapel gate, she took courage to look through at that ghost-reputed place: but, all there seemed lonely and silent as the grave. She raised her voice in call—just as John Bent had once raised his voice, in the silent night, after the ill-fated Anthony Castlemaine.

“Jane! Jane Hallet!”

What on earth *can* have become of her? asked Miss Hallet, as no response was made to the call. “She *can't* have gone up Chapel Lane!”

Nevertheless, Miss Hallet began to cross towards it. She had gained the middle of the road when she turned to look behind her, and she saw a faint light appear in one of the windows of the Friar's Keep. Miss Hallet had heard that this same kind of faint light generally heralded the apparition of the Grey Monk; and she stood transfixed with horror.

Sure enough! A moment later, and the figure in his grey cowl and habit glided slowly past the window, lamp in hand. The unhappy lady gave one terror-stricken, piercing scream, and dropped down flat in the dusty highway.

(To be Continued.)

JANET CAREY.

IT was a summer's evening and the sun was setting in clouds of crimson and gold. On the green lawn at the back of Rose Villa—a pretty, detached house about twenty minutes' walk from the town of Lefford—sat a lady in a gay dress. She was very dark and ugly, with crinkled black hair, and a rough voice. A girl of twelve, much nicer looking than she was, sat on the same bench. Three younger girls were scampering about at some noisy play; and a boy, the youngest of all, lay on the grass, whistling, and knotting a whip-cord. The sun's slanting rays tinted all with a warm, red hue: the white walls of the house and its clear glass windows; the smooth lawn and its surrounding shrubs and flowers; the bright clothes of the lady and children: putting one in mind of a scene in fairy land.

"Get up, Dicky," said the lady to the boy.

Dicky, aged five, whistled on, without taking any manner of notice.

"Did you hear mamma tell you to get up, Dicky?" spoke the girl by her mother's side. "Get up, sir."

"Shan't," said Dicky.

"You go in for me, Mina," said Mrs. Knox. "I want to know the time. Arnold took my watch into town this morning. The spring's broken."

Mina seemed in no more hurry to obey than Dicky was. Just then a low pony-chaise, driven by a boy groom, rattled out from the stable-yard at the side of the house. Mina looked across at it.

"It must be about a quarter past eight," she said. "You told James not to be later than that in going to the station."

"You might go and see," spoke Mrs. Knox: "James is not sure to be to time. How *glad* I shall be when that governess is here to take the trouble of you children off me!" she added fretfully. Mina did not take the hint about going in: she made off to her sisters instead.

This house had once been a doctor's residence. Soon after Thomas Knox, surgeon and apothecary, set up in practice in Lefford, now five-and-twenty years ago, he married Mary Arnold. Rose Villa was hers, and some money besides, and they came to live in it, Mr. Knox keeping on his surgery in Lefford. They had one son, who was named Arnold. When Arnold was ten years old, his mother died. A year later, his father married a second wife, Miss Carey: upon which these five other young ones came to town. Arnold was to be a doctor like his father. His studies were in progress, when one morning a letter came to him in London—where he was walking Bartholomew's Hospital under that clever man, William Lawrence—saying that his father was alarmingly ill. Arnold reached Lefford just in time to see him die

The little one, Dicky, was a baby then in long clothes. Arnold was only nineteen. No chance that he could set up, and keep together the practice. So he went back to London to study on, and pass, and what not; and by and by he came down again Dr. Knox: for he had followed the fashion just then getting common, of taking the M.D. degree. Arnold Knox had his share of good plain sense, and of earnestness too; but example is contagious. He arrived at Lefford "Dr. Knox." Mr. Tamlyn laughed at him, before his face and behind his back, asking him what experience he had had that he should hasten to tack on M.D. to his name: why, not more than a country apothecary's apprentice. Arnold, feeling half ashamed of himself, for he was very modest, pleaded the new custom. Custom! returned old Tamlyn; in *his* days medical men had *worked* for their honours before taking them. Arnold engaged himself as assistant to Mr. Tamlyn, who had dropped into the best part of the Lefford practice since Mr. Knox's death.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Knox, the widow, had continued to live at Rose Villa. It belonged to Arnold, having descended to him in right of his mother. Mr. Knox had bequeathed by will five hundred pounds to Arnold for the completion of his studies; and all the rest of his money to his wife and second family. Lefford talked of it; saying it was an unjust will: for a good portion of the money had been Mary Arnold's and ought to have gone to her son. It was about three hundred and fifty pounds a year in all: and Mrs. Knox bewailed and bemoaned her hard fate at having to bring up her children upon so little. She was one of those who *must* spend; and her extravagance had kept her husband poor, in spite of his good practice.

Never a hint did she offer her step-son of paying him rent for his house; never a word of thanks did she tender for the use of it. Arnold said nothing: he was thoroughly warm-hearted, generous-natured, considering everybody before himself, and he would not have hurt her feelings or cramped her pocket for the world. As long as he did not want the house, she and his half-sisters and brother were welcome to it. When he came back from London he naturally went to it; it was his home; and Mrs. Knox did not at all like the addition he made to her housekeeping expenses: which could not be of much account amid the nine others to provide for. The very day after Arnold's bargain was made with Mr. Tamlyn, she asked him how much he was going to pay her for his board. Half his salary, Arnold promptly replied; seventy-five pounds a year. And Mrs. Knox would have liked to say it was not enough.

"Five-and-seventy pounds a year!" cackled Lefford, when it got hold of the news. "Why, it won't cost her half that. And she using house! Well, she has a conscience, that Widow Knox!"

The arrangement had continued until now. Three years had elapsed since, and Arnold was four-and-twenty. Mrs. Knox found herself often

in money difficulties, when she would borrow from Arnold, and never think of repaying him. She was now going to increase expenses by taking a nursery governess. Awfully tiresome, those children were, and Mrs. Knox said they wore her out. She should have managed the little brats better: not indulged and neglected them by turns. One hour she'd let them run wild, the next hour was blowing them up in words next door to swearing.

The governess engaged was a distant relative of her own, a Miss Carey. She was an orphan, and had for a year or two been teacher in a boys' preparatory school, limited to thirty pupils. Mrs. Knox wrote to offer her twelve pounds a year and a "very comfortable home at Rose Villa; to be as one of the family." It must have sounded tempting to Miss Carey after the thirty little boys, and she gratefully accepted it. Mrs. Knox had never seen her; she pictured to herself a tall, bony young woman with weak eyes, for that had been the portrait of her second cousin, Miss Carey's father.

"Crack! crack! Tally-ho! tally-ho!" shouted Dicky, who had completed his whip, and got up to stamp and smack it. "Yo-ho! Tally-ho, tally-ho!"

"Oh do for goodness' sake be quiet, Dick!" screamed Mrs. Knox. "I can't have that noise now: I told you I had the headache. Do you hear me, then! Mina, come and take away this horrible whip."

Mina came running at the call. Master Dicky was so much given way to as a general rule, that to thwart him seemed to his sisters something delightful. Dicky dodged out of harm's way amid the shrubs; and Mina was about to go after him, when some one came through the open glass doors of what was called the garden-room.

"Here's Arnold," she cried.

Dr. Knox was a tall, strong-built, fair man, looking older than his four-and-twenty years. Nobody could help liking his face, for it was a *good* face, full of sense and thought, but it was not a handsome one. His complexion was sallow, and his light hair had a habit of standing up wild.

"You are home betimes," remarked Mrs. Knox.

"Yes; there was nothing more to do," he answered, sitting down in a brown rustic garden-chair. "I met James in the pony-chaise: where's he gone?"

"Why, Arnold, don't you know that the governess is coming this evening?" cried the second girl, Lotty, who was fanning her hot face with a cabbage-leaf. "James is gone to the station for her."

"I forgot all about the governess," said Dr. Knox. "Lotty, what a heat you are in!"

"We have been running races," said the child; "and the sun was blazing."

Dicky came tearing up. Something had happened to the whip.

"Look at it, Arnold," he said, throwing his arms and the whip on the Doctor's knees. "The lash won't stay on."

"And you want me to mend it, I suppose."

"Yes. Do it now."

"Is that the way to ask?"

"Please do it now, Arnold."

"If I can. But I fear I can't, Dicky."

"No! You can mend arms and legs."

"Sometimes. Have you a strip of leather? Or some twine?"

Dicky pulled a piece of string out of some unfathomable pocket. He was not promoted to trousers yet, but wore white drawers reaching to the knee and a purple velvet tunic. Dr. Knox took out his penknife.

"What's the matter with that young Tamlyn again?" asked Mrs. Knox in a fretful tone.

"With Bertie?" returned Dr. Knox, rather carelessly, for he was intent on the whip. "It is one of the old attacks."

"Of course! I knew it was nothing more," spoke Mrs. Knox in resentment. "There was to have been a party at Mrs. Green's this evening. Just as I was ready to start for it, her footman came to say it was put off on account of Miss Tamlyn. Master Albert was ill."

"Miss Tamlyn would not quit Bertie when he is ill for all the parties in Christendom, mother."

"Miss Tamlyn is welcome to stay with him. But that's no reason why Mrs. Green should have put the rest of us off. Who's Bessy Tamlyn, that she should be considered before everybody?—stupid old maid!"

Mrs. Knox pushed up her lace sleeves in wrath, and jingled her bracelets. Evening parties made the solace of her life.

The wheels of the returning chaise were heard, and the children went rushing round to the front of the house to look at the new governess. They brought Miss Carey back to the lawn. Mrs. Knox saw a small, slight young girl with a quiet, nice face and very simple manners. Dr. Knox rose. Mrs. Knox did not rise. Expecting to see a kind of dark strong giantess, she was struck with astonishment and remained sitting.

"You are surely not Matthew Carey's daughter!"

"Yes, madam, I am," was the young lady's answer, as a red blush stole into the clear, meek face.

"Dear me! I should never have thought it. Mat Carey was as tall and big as a bulky lamp-post. And—why!—you told me you were twenty-three!"

"I was twenty-three last March."

"Well, I trust you will be found competent to manage my children. I had no idea you were so young-looking."

The tone expressed a huge doubt of it. The ill-trained youngsters

stood staring rudely into Miss Carey's face. Dr. Knox, pushing some of them aside, held out his hand with a smile of welcome.

"I hope you will be able to feel at home here, Miss Carey: the children must not be allowed to give you too much trouble. Have you had a pleasant journey?"

"Take Miss Carey to her room, Mina," sharply struck in Mrs. Knox, not at all pleased that her step-son should presume to say so much: as if the house were his. And Mina, followed by the shy and shrinking young governess, went in-doors and up to the roof, and showed her a little comfortless chamber there.

(Of course people will understand that I, Johnny Ludlow, am giving an account of the circumstances that induced Janet Carey to walk in her sleep at Miss Deveen's—as related in a recent number. Not having been present myself at Mrs. Knox's, I can only tell the tale at second-hand.)

The time went on. Janet Carey proved herself equal to her work: although Mrs. Knox, judging by her young look and her gentle manners, had been struck by a doubt of her capacity, and politely expressed it aloud. Janet's duties were something like the labours of Hercules: at least, as varied. Teaching was only one of them. She helped to dress and undress the children, or did it entirely if Sally the housemaid forgot to come: she kept all the wardrobes and mended the clothes and the stockings. She had to be in six places at once. Helping Mrs. Knox in the parlour, taking messages to the kitchen, hearing the girls' lessons, and rushing out to the field to see that Dicky was not worrying the pony or milking the cow on his own account. It was not an orderly household; two maids were kept and James. Mrs. Knox had no talent for management, and was frightfully lazy besides; and Janet, little foreseeing what additional labour she would bring on herself, took to remedy as far as she could short-comings and confusion. Mrs. Knox saw her value, and actually thanked her. As a reward, she made Janet her own attendant, her secretary, and her partial housekeeper. Mrs. Knox's hair, coarse and stiff, was rather difficult hair to manage; in the morning it was let go any how, and Janet dressed it in the afternoon. Janet wrote Mrs. Knox's letters; kept her accounts; paid the bills—paid them, that is, when she could get the money. Janet, you perceive, was made Jack of all trades at Rose Villa. She was conscious that it was hardly fair, but she did cheerfully; and, as Mrs. Knox would say, it was all in the day's work.

The only one who evinced consideration for Miss Carey was Dr. Knox. He lectured the children about giving her so much unnecessary trouble: he bribed Dicky with lozenges and liquorice from the surgery drawers not to kick or spit at her; and he was, himself, ever kind

and considerate to her. They only met at dinner and tea, for Dr. Knox snatched a scrambling breakfast (the servants never got it ready for him in time), and went off betimes to Lefford. Now and then he would come home tolerably early in the evening, but he had a great deal to do, and it did not happen often. Mr. Tamlyn was the parish doctor, and it gave Dr. Knox an incessant round of tramping: for the less pleasant division of the daily professional work was turned over to him.

They got to have a fellow-feeling for one another—Janet and Dr. Knox—a kind of mutual, inward sympathy. Both of them were overworked: in the lot of each was less of comfort than might have been. Dr. Knox compassioned Janet's hard place, and the want of poetry in her life. Janet's blood boiled to see him made so little of at home—and she knew about the house being his property, and the seventy-five pounds a year he paid for the liberty of living in it. His breakfast was scanty: a cup of coffee, drank standing, and some thick bread-and-butter eaten as he went along the road to Lefford. Or he would be off by cock-crow without chance of breakfast, unless he cut a slice of bread in the pantry: or perhaps would have to be out all night. Sometimes he would get home to dinner; one o'clock; more often it was two o'clock, or half past, or three. In that case, Sally would bring in a plate of half-cold scraps for him—anything that happened to be left. Once, when Janet was carving a leg of mutton, she asked leave to cut off a nice slice or two that they might be kept warm for the Doctor; but Mrs. Knox blew her up—a fine trouble *that* would be! As to tea, the chances were, if he came in to it at all, that the tea-pot would be drained: upon which, some half-cold water would be dashed in, and the loaf and butter pushed before him. Dr. Knox took it all quietly: perhaps he saw how useless complaint would be.

Mr. Tamlyn's was a large, red-brick, handsome house, standing in a beautiful garden, in the best and widest street of Lefford. The surgery, built on the side of the house, consisted of two rooms: one contained the drugs and the scales, and that; the other was where the better-class of patients waited. Mr. Tamlyn's wife was dead, and he had one son, who was a cripple. Poor Bertie was thrown down by his nurse when he was a child; he had hardly ever been out of pain since; sometimes the attacks were very bad. It made him more cross and fractious than a stranger would believe; rude, in fact, and self-willed. Mr. Tamlyn just worshipped Bertie. He only lived to one end—that of making money for Bertie, after he, himself, should be gone. Miss Bessy, Mr. Tamlyn's half sister, kept his house, and she was the only one who tried to keep down Bertie's temper. Lefford thought it odd that Mr. Tamlyn had never raised Dr. Knox's salary: but it was known he wanted to put by what he could for Bertie.

The afternoon sun streamed full on the surgery window, and Dr.

Knox, who had just pelted back from dinner, stood behind the counter, making up bottles of physic. Mr. Tamlyn had an apprentice, a young fellow named Dockett, but he could not be trusted with the physic department yet, as he was apt to serve out calomel powder for camomile blows. Of the three poor parish patients, waiting for their medicine, two sat and one stood, there not being a third chair. The Doctor spoke very kindly to them about their ailments; he always did that; but he did not seem well himself and often put his hand to his throat and chest.

The physic and the parish patients done with, he went into the other room, and threw himself into the easy chair. "I wonder what's the matter with me?" he said to himself: and then he got up again, for Mr. Tamlyn was coming in. He was a short man with a grey face, and iron grey hair.

"Arnold," said he, "I wish you'd take my round this afternoon. There are only three or four people who need be seen, and the carriage is at the door."

"Is Bertie worse than usual?" asked Arnold; who knew that every impediment in Mr. Tamlyn's way was caused by Bertie.

"He is in a great deal of pain. I really don't care to leave him."

"Oh, I'll go with pleasure," replied Arnold, passing into the surgery to get his hat.

Mr. Tamlyn walked with him across the flagged court to the gate, talking of the sick people he was going to see. Arnold got into the brougham and was driven away. When he returned, Mr. Tamlyn was up-stairs in Bertie's sitting-room. Arnold went there.

"Anything more come in?" he asked. "Or can the brougham be put up?"

"Dear me, yes; here's a note from Mrs. Stephenson," said Mr. Tamlyn, replying to the first question. And he spoke testily: for Mrs. Stephenson was a lady of seventy, who always insisted on his own attendance, objecting to Dr. Knox on the score of his youth. "Well, you must go for once, Arnold. If she grumbles, tell her I was out."

On a sofa in the room lay Albert Tamlyn; a lad of sixteen with a fretful countenance and rumpled hair. Miss Tamlyn, a pleasant-looking lady of thirty-five, sat by the sofa at work. Arnold Knox went up to the boy, speaking with the utmost gentleness.

"Bertie, my boy, I am sorry you are in pain to-day."

"Who said I was in pain?" retorted Bertie, ungraciously, his thin voice as squeaky as a penny trumpet.

"Why, Bertie, you know you are in sad pain: it was I who told Dr. Knox so," interposed the father.

"Then you had no business to tell him so," shrieked Bertie, with a hideous grin of resentment. "What is it to him? or to you? or to any body?"

"Oh, Bertie, Bertie!" whispered Miss Tamlyn. "Oh, my boy, you should not give way like this."

"You just give your tongue a holiday, Aunt Bessy," fired Bertie. "I can't be bothered by you all in this way."

Dr. Knox, looking down at him, saw something wrong in the position he was lying in. He stooped, lifted him quietly in his strong arms, and altered it.

"There, Bertie, you will be better now."

"No, I'm not better, and why d'you interfere?" retorted Bertie in his temper, and burst out crying. It was weary work, waiting on that lad; the house had a daily benefit of it. He had always been given way to: his whims were studied, his tempers went unproved, and no patience was taught him.

Dr. Knox drove to Mrs. Stephenson's. He dismissed the carriage when he came out; for he had some patients to see on his own score among the poor, and went on to them. They were at tea at Mr. Tamlyn's when he got back. He looked very ill, and sat down at once.

"Are you tired, Arnold?" asked the surgeon.

"Not very; but I feel out of sorts. My throat is rather painful."

"What's the matter with it?"

"Not much, I daresay. A little ulcerated, perhaps."

"I'll have a look at it presently. Bessy, give Dr. Knox a cup of tea."

"Thank you, I shall be glad of it," interposed the Doctor. It was not often he took a meal in the house, not liking to intrude on them. When he went up this evening he had thought the tea was over.

"We are later than usual," said Miss Tamlyn in answer to some remark he made. "Bertie dropped asleep."

Bertie was awake and eating relays of bread-and-butter as he lay, speaking to nobody. The handsome sitting-rooms down stairs were nearly deserted: Mr. Tamlyn could not bear even to take his meals away from Bertie.

It was growing dusk when Dr. Knox went home. Mr. Tamlyn told him to take a cooling draught and to go to bed early. Mrs. Knox was out for the evening. Janet Carey sat at the old piano in the school-room, singing songs to the children to keep them quiet. They were crowding round her, and nobody saw him go into the room.

Janet happened to be singing the very song she had sung to us that night at Miss Deveen's—"Blow, blow, thou wintry wind." Although she had now been at Rose Villa nearly a twelvemonth, for early summer had come round again, Dr. Knox had never heard her sing. Mrs. Knox despised Janet's singing: it was only when she was alone with the children that she ventured on it, hoping to keep them still. Arnold Knox sat in utter silence; entranced; just as we had been at Miss Deveen's.

"You sing 'I've been roaming,' now," called out Dicky, before the song was well over.

"No, not that thing," dissented Mina. "You sing 'Pray, Goody,' Janet." They had long since called her by her Christian name.

The whole five (the other three taking sides), not being able to agree, plunged at once into a hot dispute. Janet in vain tried to make peace by saying she would sing both songs, one after the other: they did not listen to her. In the midst of the noise, Sally looked in to say James had caught a magpie; and the lot scampered off.

Janet Carey heaved a sad sigh, and passed her hand over her weary brow. She had had a tiring day: there were times when she thought her duties would get beyond her. Rising to follow the rebellious flock, she caught sight of Dr. Knox, seated back in the wide old cane chair.

"Oh, sir! I—I beg your pardon. I had no idea any one was here."

He came forward smiling; Janet had sat down again in her surprise.

"And though I am here?—Why should you beg my pardon, Miss Carey?"

"For singing before you. I did not know—I am very sorry."

"Perhaps you fancy I don't like singing?"

"Mine is such poor singing, sir. And the songs are so old. I can't play: I often only play to them with one hand."

"The singing is so poor—and the songs are so old, that I was going to ask of you—to beg of you—to sing one of them again for me."

She stood glancing up at him with her nice eyes, as shy as could be, uncertain whether he was mocking her.

"Do you know, Miss Carey, that I never ask a young lady for a song now. I don't care to hear the new songs, they are so poor and frivolous: the old ones are worth a king's ransom. *Won't* you oblige me?"

"What shall I sing?"

"The one you have just sung. 'Blow, blow, thou wintry wind.'"

He drew a chair close by and listened; and seemed lost in thought when it was over. Janet could not conveniently get up without pushing the stool against him, and so sat in silence.

"My mother used to sing that song," he said, looking up. "I can recal her every note as well as though I had heard her yesterday. 'As friends remembering not'! Ay: it's a harsh world—and it grows more harsh and selfish day by day. I don't think it treats *you* any too well, Miss Carey."

"Me, sir?"

"Who remembers you?"

"Not many. But I have never had any friends to speak of."

"Will you give me another song? The one I heard Mina ask you for—'Pray, Goody.' My mother used to sing that also."

"I don't know whether I must stay, sir. The children will be getting into mischief."

"Never mind the children. I'll take the responsibility."

Janet sang the song. Before it was finished the flock came in again. Dicky had tried to pull the magpie's feathers out, so James had let it fly.

After this evening, it somehow happened that Dr. Knox often came home early, although his throat was well again. He liked to make Miss Carey sing; and to talk to her; and to linger in the garden with her and the children in the twilight. Mrs. Knox was rarely at home, and had no idea how sociable her stepson was becoming. Lefford and its neighbourhood followed the unfashionable custom of giving early soirées: tea at six, supper at nine, at home by eleven. James used to go for his mistress; on dark nights he took a lighted lantern. Mrs. Knox would arrive at home, her gown well pinned up, and innocent of any treasonable lingerings out of doors or in. It was beyond Janet's power to get Mina and Lotty to bed one minute before they chose to go: though her orders from Mrs. Knox on the point were strict. As soon as their mother's step was heard they would make a rush for the stairs. Janet had to follow them, as that formed part of her duty: and by the time Mrs. Knox was indoors, the rooms were free, and Arnold was shut up in his study with his medical books and a skeleton.

For any treason that met the eye or the ear, Mrs. Knox might have assisted at all the interviews. The children might have repeated every word said to one another by the Doctor and Janet, and welcome. The talk was all legitimate: of their own individual, ordinary interests, perhaps; of their lost parents; their past lives; the present daily doings; or, as the Vicar of Wakefield has it, of pictures, taste, Shakspeare, and the musical glasses. Dr. Knox never said such a thing to her as, Miss, I am in love with you; Janet was the essence of respectful shyness and called him Sir.

One evening something or other caused one of the soirées to break up midway, and Mrs. Knox came home by twilight in her pink gauze gown. Instead of ringing at the front door, she came round the garden to the lawn, knowing quite well the elder children were not gone to bed, and would probably be in the garden-room. Very softly went she, intending to surprise them. The moon shone full on the glass doors.

The doors were shut. And she could see no children. Only Janet Carey singing at the piano, and Dr. Knox sitting close by her, his eyes resting on her face and an unmistakable look of—say friendship—in them. Mrs. Knox took in the whole scene by the light of the one candle standing on the table.

She let go the pink skirt and burst open the doors with a bang. Imagination is apt to conjure up skeletons of the future ; a whole army of them rushed into hers, any one of them ten times more ugly than that real skeleton in the Doctor's study-closet. A vision of his marrying Janet and taking possession of the house, and wanting all his money for himself instead of paying the family bills with it, was the worst.

Before a great and real dread, passion has to be silent. Mrs. Knox felt that she should very much like to buffet both of them with hands and tongue : but policy restrained her.

"Where are the children?" she began, as snappish as a fox ; but that was only usual.

Janet had turned round on the music-stool ; her meek hands dropped on her lap, her face all the colours of the rainbow. Dr. Knox just sat back in his chair and carelessly hummed to himself the tune Janet had been singing.

"Mina and Lotty are at Mrs. Hampshire's, ma'am," answered Janet. "She came to fetch them just after you left, and said I might send in for them at half-past nine. The little ones are in bed."

"Oh," said Mrs. Knox. "It's rather early for you to be at home is it not, Arnold?"

"Not particularly, I think. My time for coming home is always uncertain, you know."

He rose, and went to his room as he spoke. Janet got out the basket of stockings ; and Mrs. Knox sat buried in a brown study.

After this evening, things grew bad for Miss Carey. Mrs. Knox watched. She noted her step-son's manner to Janet, and saw that he liked her ever so much more than was expedient. What to do, or how to stop it, she did not know, and was at her wits' end. To begin with, there was nothing to stop. Had she put together a whole week's looks and words of Arnold's, directed to Janet, she could not have squeezed one decent iota of complaint out of the lot. Neither dared she risk offending Arnold. What with the perpetual soirées out, and the general daily improvidence at home, Mrs. Knox was never in funds, and Arnold found oceans of household bills coming in to him. Tradesmen were beginning, as a rule now, to address their accounts to Dr. Knox. Arnold paid them ; he was good-natured, and sensitively averse to complaining to his step-mother ; but he thought it was hardly fair. What on earth she did with her income he could not imagine : rather than live in this chronic state of begging, she might have laid down the pony-carriage.

Not being able to attack Dr. Knox, Mrs. Knox vented all her venom on Miss Carey. Janet was the dray horse of the family, and therefore could not be turned away : she was too useful to Mrs. Knox to be parted with. Real venom it was ; and hard to be borne. Her work grew harder, and she was snubbed from morning till night. The

children's insolence to her was not reproved; Mina took to order her about. Weary and heart-sick grew she: her life was no better than Cinderella's: the only one ray of comfort in it being the rare snatches of intercourse with Dr. Knox. He was like a true friend to her, and ever kind. He might have been kinder had he known what sort of a life she really led. But Mrs. Knox was a diplomatist, and the young fry did not dare to worry people, or to call names before their big brother Arnold.

"Has Dr. Knox come in, Mr. Dockett?"

Mr. Dockett, lounging over the counter to tease the dog, brought himself straight with a jerk, and faced his master, Mr. Tamlyn.

"Not yet, sir."

"When he comes in, ask him if he'll be so kind as step to me in the dining-room."

Mr. Tamlyn shut the surgery door, and the apprentice whistled to the dog, which had made its escape. Presently Dr. Knox came across the court-yard, and received the message.

"Mr. Tamlyn wants you, sir, please. He is in the dining-parlour."

"Have you nothing to do, Dockett? Just set on and clean those scales."

The dining-parlour looked out on the garden and on the playing fountain. It was one of the prettiest rooms in Lefford; with white-and-gold papered walls, and mirrors, and a new carpet. Mr. Tamlyn liked to have things nice at home, and screwed the money out of the capital put by for Bertie. He sat at the table before some account-books.

"Sit down, Arnold," he said, taking off his spectacles. "I have some news for you: I hope it won't put you out too much."

It did put out Dr. Knox very considerably, and it surprised him even more. For some time past now he had been cherishing a private expectation that Mr. Tamlyn would be taking him into partnership, giving him probably a small share only at first. Of all things, it seemed the most likely to Dr. Knox: and, wanting in self-assertion though he was, it seemed to him that it would be a *right* thing to do. Mr. Tamlyn had no one to succeed him: and all the best part of his practice was formerly Mr. Knox's. Had Arnold only been a little older when his father died, he should have succeeded to it himself: there would have been little chance of Mr. Tamlyn's getting any of it. In justice then, if Mr. Tamlyn now, or later, took a partner at all, it ought to be Arnold. But for looking forward to this, Dr. Knox had never stayed on all this while at the paltry salary paid him, and worked himself nearly to bones. As old Tamlyn talked, he listened like one in a bewildered dream, and he learnt that his own day-dream was over.

Old Tamlyn was about taking a partner: some gentleman from London, a Mr. Shuttleworth. Mr. Shuttleworth was seeking for a

country practice, and would bring in three thousand pounds. Arnold's services would only be required to the end of the year, as Mr. Shuttleworth would join on the First of January.

"There'll not be room for three of us, Arnold—and Dockett will be coming on," said Mr. Tamlyn. "Besides, at your age, and with your talents, you ought to be doing something better for yourself. Don't you see that you ought?"

"I have seen it for some time. But—the truth is," added Arnold, "though I hardly like to own to it now, that I have been cherishing a hope of this kind for myself. I thought, Mr. Tamlyn, you might sometime offer it to me."

"And so I would, Arnold, and there's no one I should like to take half as well as yourself, but that you have not the necessary money," said the surgeon with quick eagerness. "I see what you are thinking, Arnold—that I might have taken you without premium: but I must think of my poor boy. Shuttleworth brings in three thousand: I would have taken you with two."

"I could not bring in two hundred, let alone two thousand," said Dr. Knox.

"There's where it is. To tell you the truth, Arnold, I am getting tired of work; don't seem so much up to it as I was. Whoever comes in will have to do more even than you have done, and of course will expect to take at least a half share of the yearly profits. I should not put by much then: I could not alter my style of living, you know, or put down the carriages and horses, or anything of that: and I must save for poor Bertie. A sum of three thousand pounds means three thousand to me."

"Are the arrangements fully made?" asked Dr. Knox.

"Yes. Mr. Shuttleworth came down to Lefford yesterday, and has been going into the books with me this morning.—And, by the way, Arnold, I hope you will meet him here at dinner to-night.—I should not a bit wonder, either, but he might tell you of some opening for yourself: he seems to know most of the chief medical men in London. He is selling a good practice of his own. It is his health that obliges him to come to the country."

"I hope you will suit one another," said Dr. Knox; for he knew that it was not everybody who could get on with fidgetty old Tamlyn.

"We are to give it a six months' trial," said Tamlyn. "He would not bind himself without that. At the end of the six months, if both parties are not satisfied, we cancel the agreement: he withdraws his money, and I am at liberty to take a fresh partner. For that half year's services he will receive his half share of profits: which of course is only fair. You see I tell you all, Arnold."

Dr. Knox dined with them, and found the new man a very pleasant

fellow, but quite as old as Tamlyn. He could not help wondering how he would relish the parish work, and said so in a whisper to Mr. Tamlyn while Shuttleworth was talking to Bertie.

"Oh, he thinks it will be exercise for him," replied the surgeon. "And Dockett will be coming on, you know."

It was a dark night the beginning of November, wet and splashy. Mrs. Knox had a soiree; and when the Doctor reached home he met the company coming forth with cloaks and lanterns and clogs.

"Oh, it's you, Arnold, is it!" cried Mrs. Knox. "Could you not have got home for my evening? Two of the whist-tables had to play dummy: we had some disappointments."

"I stayed to dine with Mr. Tamlyn," said Arnold.

Sitting together over the fire, Mrs. Knox asked him whether he would not give her a hundred pounds a year for his board, instead of seventy-five. Which was uncommonly cool, considering what he paid for her besides in housekeeping bills. Upon which, Arnold told her he should not be with her beyond the close of the year: he was going to leave Lefford. For a minute, it struck her dumb.

"Good heavens, Arnold, how am I to keep the house on without your help? I must say you have no consideration. Leave Lefford!"

"Mr. Tamlyn has given me notice," replied Arnold. "He is taking a partner."

"But—I just ask you—how am I to pay my way?"

"It seems to me that your income is quite sufficient for that, mother. If not—perhaps—if I may suggest it—you might put down the pony chaise."

Mrs. Knox shrieked out that he was a cruel man. Arnold, who never cared to stand scenes, lighted his candle and went up to bed.

Shuttleworth had taken rather a fancy to Dr. Knox; perhaps he remembered, too, that he was turning him adrift. Any way, he bestirred himself, and got him appointed to a medical post in London, where Arnold would receive two hundred pounds a year, and his board.

"I presume you know that I am about to run away, Miss Carey," said Dr. Knox, hastening up to join her one Sunday evening when they were coming out of church at Lefford.

"As if everybody did not know that!" cried Mina. "Where's mamma, Arnold?—and Lotty?"

"They are behind, talking to the Parkers."

The Parkers were great friends of Mina's, so she ran back. The Doctor and Janet walked slowly on.

"You will be glad to leave, sir," said Janet, in her humble fashion. "Things have not been very comfortable for you at home—and I hear you are taking a much better post."

"I shall be sorry to leave for one thing—and that is, because I fear things may be more uncomfortable for you," he spoke out bravely.

"What Rose Villa will be when all restraint is taken off the children, and with other undesirable things, I don't like to imagine."

"I shall do very well, sir," said Janet meekly.

"I wonder you put up with it," he exclaimed. "You might be ten thousand times better and happier elsewhere."

"But I fear to change : I have no one to recommend me or to look out for me, you know."

"There's that lady I've heard you speak of—your aunt, Miss Cattledon."

"I could not think of troubling her. My mother's family do not care to take much notice of me. They thought my father was not my mother's equal in point of family, and when she married him, they turned her off, as it were. No, sir, I have only myself to look to."

"A great many of us are in the same case," he said. "Myself, for instance. I have been indulging I don't know what all of day-dreams for some time past : one of them that Mr. Tamlyn would give me a share in his practice : and—and there were others to follow in due course. Vain dreams all, and knocked on the head now."

"You will be sure to get on," said Janet.

"Do you think so?" he asked very softly, looking down into Janet's nice eyes by the road of light.

"At least, sir, I hope you will."

"Well, I shall try for it."

"Arnold!—come back, Arnold ; I want you to give me your arm up the hill," called out Mrs. Knox.

Dr. Knox had to enter on his new situation at quarter day, the twenty-fifth of December ; so he went up to London on Christmas Eve. Which was no end of a blow to old Tamlyn, as it left all the work on his own shoulders for a week.

From two to three months passed on. One windy March day, Mrs. Knox sat alone in the garden-room, worrying over her money matters. The table, drawn near the fire, was strewn with bills and tradesmen's books ; the sun shone on the closed glass doors.

Mrs. Knox's affairs had been getting into an extremely hopeless condition. It seemed, by the accumulation of present debts, that Arnold's money must have paid for everything. Her own income, which came in quarterly, appeared to dwindle away, she knew not how or where. A piteous appeal had gone up a week ago to Arnold, saying she should be in prison unless he assisted her, for the creditors were threatening to take steps. Arnold's answer, delivered this morning, was a fifty-pound note enclosed in a very plain letter. It had inconvenienced him to send the money, he said, and he begged her fully to understand that it was the *last* he should ever send.

So there sat Mrs. Knox before the table in an old dressing gown, and

her black hair more dishevelled than a tangled mop. The bills, oceans of them, and the fifty-pound bank-note lay in a heap together. Master Dicky had been cutting animals out of a picture-book, leaving the scraps on the cloth and the old carpet. Lotty had distributed there a few sets of doll's clothes. Gerty had been tearing up a newspaper for a kite's tail. The fifty pounds would pay about a third of the debts, and Mrs. Knox was trying to apportion a sum to each of them accordingly.

It bothered her finely, for she was no accountant. She could manage to add up without making very many mistakes; but when it came to subtraction, her brain got into a hopeless maze. Janet might have done it, but Mrs. Knox was furious with Janet and would not ask her. Ill-treated, over-worked, Janet had plucked up courage to give notice, and was looking out for a situation in Lefford. Just now, Janet was in the kitchen, ironing Dick's frilled collars.

"Take fifty-three from fourteen, and how much *does* remain?" groaned Mrs. Knox over the shillings. At that moment there was a sound of carriage-wheels, and a tremendous ring at the door. Sally darted in.

"Oh, ma'am, it's my Lady Jenkins! I know her carriage. It have got red wheels!"

"Oh, my goodness!" cried Mrs. Knox starting up. "Don't open the door yet, Sally: let me get upstairs first. Her ladyship's come to take me a drive, I suppose. Go and call Miss Carey—or stay, I'll go to her."

Mrs. Knox opened one of the glass doors, and whisked round to the kitchen. She bade Janet leave the ironing and go and do her books and bills: hastily explaining that she wanted to know how far fifty pounds would go towards paying a fair proportion off each debt. Janet was to make it all out in figures.

"Be sure take care of the note—I've left it somewhere," called back Mrs. Knox as she escaped to the stairs in hurry and confusion; for my Lady Jenkins's footman had hold of the bell and knocker, and was working both alarmingly.

Janet only half comprehended. She went round to the garden-room, shut the glass doors, and began upon the bills and books. But first of all, she looked out for the letters that were lying about, never supposing that the special charge had reference to anything else: at least, she said so afterwards: and put them inside Mrs. Knox's desk. From the first to the last, then and later, Janet Carey maintained that she did not see any bank-note.

Mrs. Knox dressed herself with Sally's help, and went out with my Lady Jenkins—the ex-Mayor of Lefford's wife. The bills and the calculations made a long job, and Janet's mind was buried in it, when a startling disturbance suddenly arose in the garden: Dicky had climbed

into the mulberry tree and fallen out of it. The girls came, dashing open the glass doors, and saying he was *dead*. Janet ran out, herself nearly frightened to death.

Very true. If Dicky was not dead, he looked like it. He lay white and cold under the tree, blood trickling down his face. James galloped off for Mr. Tamlyn. The two maids and Janet carried Dicky into the kitchen, and put him on the ironing-board with his head on an old cushion. That revived him; and when Mr. Shuttleworth arrived, for Tamlyn was out, Dicky was demanding bread-and-treacle. Shuttleworth put some diachylon plaster on his head, ordered him to bed, and told him not to get into trees again.

Their fears relieved, the maids had time to remember common affairs. Sally found all the sitting-room fires out, and hastened to light them. As soon as Janet could leave Dicky, who persisted in going to bed in his boots, she went back to the accounts. Mrs. Knox came in before they were done. She blew up Janet for not being quicker, and when she had got over the shock of Dicky's accident, she blew her up for that.

"Where's the note?" she snapped.

"What note, ma'am?" asked Janet.

"The bank-note. The bank-note for fifty pounds that I told you to take care of."

"I have not seen any bank-note," said Janet.

Well, that began the trouble. The bank-note was searched for, and there was neither sign nor symptom of it to be found. Mrs. Knox accused Janet Carey of stealing it, and called in a policeman. Mrs. Knox made her tale good to the man, representing Janet as a very black girl indeed; but the man said he could not take her into custody unless Mrs. Knox would charge her formally with the theft.

And that Mrs. Knox hesitated to do. She told the policeman she would take until the morrow to consider of it. The whole of that evening, the whole of the night, the whole of the next morning till midday, Janet spent searching the garden-room. At midday the policeman appeared again, and Janet went into a sort of fit.

When Mr. Shuttleworth was sent for to her, he said it was caused by fright, and that she had received a shock to the nervous system. For some days she was delirious, on and off; and when she could escape Sally's notice, who waited on her, they'd find her down in the garden-room, searching for the note, just as we afterwards saw her searching for it in her sleep at Miss Deveen's. It chanced that the two rooms resembled each other remarkably: in their situation in the houses, in their shape, and size, and building arrangements, and in their opening by glass doors to the garden. Janet subsided into a sort of wasting fever; and Mrs. Knox thought it time to send for Miss Cattle-don. The criminal proceedings might wait, she told Janet: like the heartless woman that she was! Not but what the loss of the money had thrown her flat on her beam-ends.

Miss Cattledon came. Janet solemnly declared, not only that she had not got the note, but that she had never seen the note : never at all. Mrs. Knox said no one but Janet could have got it, and but for her illness, she would be already in prison. Miss Cattledon told Mrs. Knox she ought to be ashamed of herself for suspecting Janet Carey, and took Janet off by train to Miss Deveen's. Janet got there in a shivering fit, fully persuaded that the Lefford policemen were following her by the orders of Mrs. Knox.

And it's not my fault that I can't get in the ending. But you shall hear it next month.

JOHNNY LUDLOW.



THE VILLAGE FOUNTAIN.

APART from crowded ways of men it singeth all alone,
Still holding out its ancient cup,
With crystal waters brimming up,
Beneath its arch of stone.
At morn, and eve, and thirsty noon
Through winter chills, and heats of June.

Bright sunbeams shimmer through the leaves, and 'mid the
branches stray,
Of the tall trees that shadow it ;
And in and out, the song birds flit,
From dawn till twilight grey :
While echoes from the village street
Blend with its murmur low and sweet.

The oxen from the furrow loosed, beside its mossy brim,
Bend to its basin deep and cool,
And children with their small hands full
Of fern and violets dim,
Gather around its pathway old,
With laughing lips and locks of gold.

What recks it that in carven cell its prisoned waters bound,
May ne'er by waving cornfields go,
Nor willowy banks, in silver flow,
With floating lilies crowned :—
It offers with a simple grace
Heaven's bounty from its lowly place.

J. I. L.

AT LAKE HALLSTADT.

TO arrive at eventide at Gosau-Mühle and the calm beauty of Lake Hallstadt at the end of a journey so rough and rude as to be almost perilous, is like falling to rest upon calm waters after experiencing for many hours the rage of an ocean storm. Mind and spirit have been strung to the last pitch of excitement by an unbroken panorama of glorious and unimaginable scenery; the body has become fatigued and weary and almost bruised by jolting into ruts and jolting out of them; stumbling over stones and escapes from precipices; by sitting hour after hour in a vehicle built for strength and wear far more than show or luxury.

The journey is over; the scenery is passed; that which lies before the eye is of so different a nature that it may belong to a new world; another day is sinking to rest; Gastein is falling away.

It had been intended to go on to Hallstadt that evening by the small steamer that plies the lake. But about and around the half-inn half-restaurant at Gosau-Mühle there lurked so, decided an air of repose, that, worn out with a two days' journey and a sleepless night, it was determined to remain here the night, and to defer until the next morning a further search for pastures fresh and new. The maid, a superior woman, appeared and spoke as one above her position. The master of the inn, a young man, strong and tall, seemed glad enough to entertain visitors and make them comfortable; and the end of it was that the one day at Gosau-Mühle prolonged itself into a sojourn of four or five.

For it proved far pleasanter than Hallstadt. The latter place had been recommended by the doctor, as affording a prospect of quiet rest combined with the beauties of scenery. Both of these recommendations it certainly possessed to the point of excellence; but thereto it added a drawback, to be mentioned presently, that rendered it sheerly impossible to pay it anything beyond a few hours' visit.

The beauty of Hallstadt is as remarkable as it is peculiar. It claims an individuality entirely its own. Perhaps there is not another spot like it in the world. With the exception of a small foot-path half way up the mountain it can only be reached by a small steamer on the lake. Everything taken into Hallstadt in the shape of provisions is conveyed by this means. The effect on first approaching it in this little vessel is such as it would be difficult to find elsewhere. The beauty and romance of its situation strike upon you at once. The small, white, Swiss-looking cottages on the mountain side, perched one above another in picturesque irregularity, here and there embedded in foliage from which they peep out, shily as a mistress watching the

return of her lover, might almost be taken from a distance for nests, the home of eagles and the feathered fowls of the air.

But in the first evening at Gosau-Mühle all this was as yet unknown. Sitting out on the balcony overhanging the water, it was not even dreamed of. Twilight was falling upon the mountains opposite, and as it deepened into night, so did the reflection of their shadow upon the water, until it looked dark, cold, and treacherous. The mountains were high and precipitous, almost as a wall. The surface of the lake was smooth and unruffled; and the multitude of fish seemed to have played out their day's pleasure and to be preparing for sleep. No sound broke the stillness, save the running of the stream emptying itself through the locks into the lake. To the right was the Gosau-Mühle—or mill—itsself. In this lake the logs of wood that had streamed along so many miles of river at length found resting place. They would come banging and booming down, and at last be steered into the lake, whence by degrees they were transported into the mill.

Sawing was always going forward in the mill, from Monday morning till Saturday night. This gave employment to a number of hands encamped in a cluster of cottages close by; a small colony of people, who repudiated all dealings with neighbouring Hallstadt on the one hand, or the various villages on the other. The mill gave work to men only; old, middle-aged, and young: a fine, handsome race the latter: but as, since the Creation, it has not been good for man to live alone, so it happened in the natural order of things that wives and sweethearts were not an unknown blessing in this exclusive settlement.

Behind the inn, on the other side, was the end of the valley, and the Gosauswang perched up aloft like a narrow bridge, on to which you might clamber, if so inclined, and look upwards at the stream that parted the mountains, and around on the lake stretching far and wide.

That first evening we sat long upon the balcony; long into the darkness. It was so pleasant to let the eye rest upon this calm water, so great a contrast to the restless torrent of Gastein. The rattle of the carriage was still singing in the ears, making the present stillness almost weird in its intensity. It was like being shut out from the world; and to think of that far off roar and tumult, each life in the crowd teeming with a thousand plans and purposes of its own, was like imagining something that had never existed, or never could exist again.

It was almost an awful sensation, this sense of isolation. Many a man might go mad with too much of it, if his mind had not resources that enabled him to make a world for himself apart from them. I almost felt that I should never again see this busy world, from which I had

been so long cut off—but it was not so very long before I was in the midst of some of the busiest, most heartrending scenes of Europe.

It was difficult, almost impossible, to realize, seated there, that there was an outside world full of life and activity; minds plotting for power, plans ripening for a great convulsion. The quietness was at once soothing and depressing; and as night wrapped her dark mantle round the mountains, and crept over the surface of the lake, shutting out everything from sight, the dreariness was well nigh enough to make one repent the resolution to pass a night in this dull abode.

But the next morning sent blues and glooms and repentance to the winds. The sun rose gloriously, and threw around its influence on man and mountain. The beauties of the spot seemed tenfold greater than they had appeared in last night's twilight. A long, unbroken sleep had restored the mind to a more healthy tone, dissipating clouds and cobwebs; and when breakfast was over, and the small steamer ploughed its way up the lake to the pier, we were quite ready to embark on an expedition to Hallstadt.

It was but a small steamer, and could not do great things in speed; so that, although the distance was short, we were ten minutes or more in reaching Hallstadt. Ten pleasant minutes on the water as we steamed leisurely through wonderful scenery, and felt that there were no arms to tire with the exertion of rowing, and no one to grumble. But at last we were landed; and the beauty of the place, and its strange, unworldlike appearance, was soon found to possess a drawback of a most unpleasant, insurmountable description. It might naturally occur to the mind that the people would be as primitive and picturesque as their habitation, but a greater mistake was never conceived. No place ever gave me so great a feeling of wretchedness and repulsion. The men and women were not only small of stature, ugly of feature, but nearly all more or less deformed. Some were humpbacked; some had withered arms and hands; some appeared misshapen from head to foot; many were simple or idiotic; scarce a woman but had a goitre throat; most were toothless.

Various reasons contribute to this state of things. From their isolated position they have continually married and intermarried amongst each other. Those who belong to Hallstadt will not leave it; they could not very well do so indeed, for they seem unfitted to go out and battle with the world; and new people will not come to it. It is not pleasant to be so separated from your fellows, and the place offers no advantages whatever to compensate for this drawback.

That so beautiful a spot should be so afflicted was a grievous matter: a greater contrast than between place and people could not exist. The men for the most part work in the salt mines, in itself an unhealthy occupation. The mines to some extent impregnate the air with salt-tre, another influence which appears to work against health and life.

The utmost pay the men receive in flourishing times is at the rate of about three shillings and sixpence a week, and many upon this have to rear a family of ten or twelve children : six is a very ordinary number. When times are bad and there is no work to be had they earn nothing, and must live as they can ; sometimes getting a slight relief from the church when the poor box is not empty ; often verging upon starvation. This abject poverty helps to the general state of misshapen humanity which here seems so universal, and is so distressing. Turning into the churchyard a sight met the eye too revolting for record ; but nothing could have given a greater proof of the heathenism of the people. At some little distance upon a wall, also, two skulls were bleaching in the sun ; from the adjoining cottage, whose windows overlooked the revolting graveyard out ran a child, with that peculiar gibbering of the idiots, who had been taught to beg—the only trade he could learn.

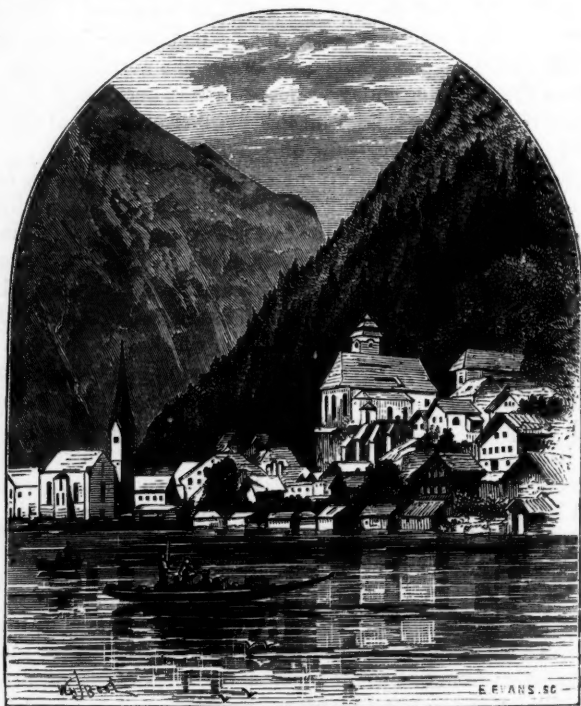
Beggars indeed met one at every step ; old women, who were nothing but shrunken deformities, and young men and boys half-witted or maimed. Some of the poor wretches went upon crutches, others upon all fours ; but most of them, in a sing-song tone painful enough to hear, held out their hands and begged for charity. Surely the doctor, had he ever been here himself, and witnessed these sights, would not have recommended Hallstadt as a resting-place, in which days or weeks might pass pleasantly. True, it was possible to go to one of the two inns, and sit out all day long upon the balcony facing the lake, and shut yourself away from the people, but the very idea of proximity to them was in itself unbearable. The quiet of Gosau-Mühle, where the people were more civilized and human, was a thousand times preferable. Indeed it was a mystery how in the short distance there could be so much difference in the race : for at Gosau-Mühle they were tall, well formed, and handsome.

The beauty and singularity of Hallstadt is as much its own as are the afflictions of its people. Perched on the mountain side, it has no streets. The houses are built with puzzling irregularity, the means of communication from one to the other a few rough steps, or here and there a footpath a few feet in length. For three or four months in the year the sun never falls upon the village, and it grows dark before the day is half over : a source of misery which may in some sort be realized, if we remember how gloomy we ourselves feel when only for three or four days without the good influence of sunlight. This, added to their poverty, must make their existence hard and dreary indeed ; literally and figuratively destitute of sunshine.

Upon the faces of many, men and women, was a look of trouble, as if the burden of life was hard to bear. In so out-of-the-world a spot you might fancy living to be reasonable, but it is not so. All animal food is brought from a distance, and the poor have to go without it, with the exception perhaps of a very few times a year by way of

a treat. Strangers seldom take up their abode in Hallstadt, though many visit it for a few hours. No one indeed ought to miss doing so when in the neighbourhood. With regard to the deformities spoken of it is possible that I saw the worst of them, and that many who were away at their work and out of sight were less unhappily afflicted.

The inn was an old-fashioned, rambling house, built chiefly of wood, large enough for a small palace. It seemed miserably uncomfortable with its naked walls and bare floors and tables; a place where lurked



HALLSTADT.

a sense of mystery, an atmosphere of murder. Had I stayed there I should certainly have gone to sleep that night with a feeling of possible foul play before morning; an unseen trap door, or sliding panel, or false ceiling; though no doubt it was all fancy, and the keepers were as simple and harmless as if the existence of evil were nothing but a problem.

After rambling through the building in the wake of a stout landlady—who seemed not to share in the poverty of her neighbours—it became evident that it would be much better to return to Gosau-Mühle

rather than remain in this uncomfortably mysterious old barn. The house was full of passages, and short staircases, and when you thought you had reached the end of the tour of inspection, the sudden turning of a corner would reveal a fresh wilderness of passages and rooms and flights. At last we came to anchor upon the balcony—or rather a stage the size of a large room, built out upon the water. Then to repay the landlady for her trouble, I ordered some trout to be served up.

Such trout exists nowhere else. Its delicious flavour would drive an epicure mad with delight. The shortcomings of the place, the sight of the deformities of the people would be compensated by this one single virtue. I felt that I had never before tasted real trout, and that such trout as this was food only worthy of being coupled with the drink of nectar. The cook had a peculiar way of baking them; they eat with a crisp, dry flavour, of which the only drawback was that it was too soon over. It was seducing to the palate. I found on experience that the trout was good at Gosau-Mühle, but inferior to this: the whole of the Salzkammergut is famous for its trout, as are many parts of the Tyrol; but none came up to Hallstadt. It was not an over-cheap luxury; for they charged at the rate of five or six shillings for four small fish. Whether this was their usual demand; or whether the landlady was not quite so simple-minded as she might have been, and took advantage of a stranger's ignorance; or whether she had determined to be revenged for that long ramble, arduous to her fat sides, through the lofty halls and corridors of her domain, interminable as those of Eblis; was a matter for doubt and speculation. The fish were eaten and they had to be paid for: and in a place where a sense of mystery and an atmosphere of murder appealed to the imagination it was impossible for the tongue to utter a remonstrance. An exquisite cup of café noir helped to while away the moments until the steamer was once more in readiness to return on her journey.

It is impossible to exaggerate the beauty of Hallstadt, and its romantic site. The lake, at the extremity of which it rises into life—one can hardly say animation—is five miles long, in places more than a mile broad, and as much as a hundred fathoms deep. From one end to the other there is scarcely a human habitation to be seen. Almost you might be in a country of the dead, a dead stillness reigning: nothing breaking in on the monotony, or toning down its wild and gloomy aspect. The mountains rise precipitously from its borders, casting their black shadows upon the water, which becomes almost dark as Erebus. No roadway adorns its side; there is not room for it; and so between Hallstadt and Gosau-Mühle there is nothing but the small footpath in the mountain, and the steamer for visitors and merchandise.

Few lakes surpass this in beauty. The one day promised to Gosau

Mühle prolonged itself into four or five : days of such intense quiet as might be found in the midst of a desert. The weather was fine and warm ; the sunshine, now abundant, unbroken by a cloud. For occupation I would sit out on the balcony and watch the men working in the mills ; or piloting the logs of wood with long poles from the locks to the lake, where they clustered in a sort of raft forming an immense circle. Upon this raft men and boys would launch, packing the logs, and drawing into the mill those immediately required. Every now and then one less careful than the rest would slip between, and splash into the lake, and for a moment disappear ; a feat his comrades greeted with shouts of laughter that awoke the echoes of the mountains far down the lake. All this was animated enough ; one small spot forming an exception to the surrounding scene : a scene so full of



MARKET PLACE, HALLSTADT.

beauty that it grew upon the eye, almost as a home face grows upon the heart and leaves there its image and influence. Every hour's familiarity only made its charm, its wild dignity, more apparent : the long quiet reach of still waters, the silent mountains guiltless of all sign of life, you might look upon hour after hour, and still look on. And if at last somewhat weary of the picture, which was not a little mournful in its isolation, you had but to turn your chair half round upon the lively little mill-sheds, to the men who seemed endowed with perpetual motion, and perpetual sunshine.

They appeared happy and simple ; strong and handsome ; a strange contrast, it has been remarked, to the people of Hallstadt. On Sunday afternoon they assembled, dressed in their best, in the yard separating the old inn from the new. A long wooden table was brought out, at

which they sat, some forty of them, drinking beer, laughing and singing ; amusing themselves in a quiet, orderly manner ; old and young fraternizing ; merry and jovial, but in no sense uproarious. Now and then one or two of the maids would peep out of the doorway, and say something to one of the younger of the men that would cause him to start up in pursuit. A scream, a scramble, and under cover of the house, a forfeit, perhaps resisted, but none the less liked. This day out of the seven was their only day of rest ; a rest fairly earned. Who can imagine an existence more quiet than this ? more simple, uneventful, or free from care ? Are there any who would exchange a life of riches and luxury, the whirl of society and the toil of business, for that of these men, in whose closet lurks no skeleton ?

Under the quiet surface of the water, too, life and activity were not wanting. A few crumbs of bread, dropped in, would bring shoals upon shoals of small trout into view, struggling, quarrelling, fighting for the bait, as if it was as delicate a morsel to them as they were in turn to others. The biggest and greediest generally secured the most : showing that in some things at any rate it is very much in the world of fishes as it is in the world of men.

It was almost impossible to leave the neighbourhood without seeing the Vorder-see, a small but beautiful lake, crowned by the Dachstein, the largest and grandest mountain in the Salzkammergut. * But this was not to be undertaken without transgressing the doctor's orders. There was no mountain to climb, but it entailed a long walk up a tolerably steep ascent, which would only be accomplished with some fatigue. At last, after making various inquiries, it appeared that at the blacksmith's shop at Gosau a chaise-à-porteurs might be hired, and with the help of a couple of strong men, convey any one to the very borders of the lake without bodily exertion.

Behold us, then, one morning, starting for the village of Gosau, jolting up the valley in a roughly built, uncomfortable, springless machine, drawn by a cadaverous looking animal they called a horse. The pitiable beast looked antediluvian, and certainly was a skeleton ; and as he toiled in a heavy, lumbering manner, the vehicle kept time with his paces with an up and-down movement that was very novel and very disagreeable. But we made way in spite of difficulties in a drive of about ten miles ; up the glen by the side of the stream ; past the mountains loaded with clusters of the Alpine rose, fragrant with wild strawberries, and abounding in wild flowers, some familiar enough to English eyes, some known only in these districts. At length the valley was left to the right, and a road opened out, disclosing the Valley of Gosau, backed by the pinnacles of the Donnerkogel and Zornikogel, the western ridges of the Dachstein. This Dachstein occupies a position worthy of its greatness, being what may be termed the boundary stone separating Styria, Salzburg, and Austria from each other.

A short drive brought us to Gosau; a straggling village which appeared to have neither beginning nor ending, its houses scattered here and there in ones and twos over an extent of three miles.

The crazy vehicle rattled up to the blacksmith's, which is also the inn of the place; so small and dirty, 'hat a wayfarer must have been very hard up for a night's lodging before venturing to rest his weary limbs in the hovel. The smith, himself, a Vulcan of tremendous height and muscle, looked as if he could have carried off his house, forge included, on his shoulders. He came forward at the sound of wheels, and when inquiries were made for the chaise-à-porteurs, dived rapidly again within the dark, mysterious precincts of his abode.

Presently, out came two men, bearing between them an old fashioned arm-chair resting upon poles. Into this I was requested to be seated, and with the sensations of a martyr and the dignity of a pope, my body bruised and aching from head to foot with the drive, obeyed the command.

The motion of the sedan was indescribable. My first experience in this mode of travelling, I trusted it would also be the last. Never had I felt so helpless and dependant: so much at the mercy of others; whilst the swaying of the chair, and the measured tramp of the men gave me a sensation of assisting at my own funeral; a feeling hitherto reserved for dreams. Fifty times I upbraided myself for quitting the quiet waters of Gosau-Mühle, in search of fresh beauties and adventures.

From the blacksmith's to the Vordersee was more than an hour's walk up an uninterrupted ascent, but in spite of the undesirable mode of progress it was impossible not to enjoy the scenery. The way led through a species of forest thinly populated with trees, their branches here and there overshadowing the path. The grass was soft and mossy to the foot, and wild flowers sprang up in nooks and crevices. It was a pastoral scene, wherein we might have made progress to the strains of Handel, or Beethoven's grander symphony. Occasionally the men, strong and stalwart though they were, put down their burden and rested themselves on the poles; humiliation to me so keen that I felt inclined to throw doctor's orders and personal vows to the winds, quit the odious machine, and walk the rest of the way. The entire scene was so lonely and desolate that it was easy to fancy it as yet untrodden by the foot of man. Without sign of human habitation, it had preserved its rugged wildness and grandeur. Approaching the end, the path became more steep and rugged, leading through a fir wood, not very dense or dark; and at last, in an abrupt and unexpected manner, we suddenly came in view of the lake itself. It was small, and at first sight, disappointing to the lofty expectations formed of it. Closely shut in and surrounded by a foreground of dark fir-trees, they threw their black shade upon the water, and gave it a solemn, gloomy appearance. At the opposite

end rose the Dachstein in majesty, glaciers hanging from its sides of ice, blue and white : on the very summit an enormous one that seemed to shift even as we looked. Here the ice never melts : in the heat of summer and the depth of winter it is there, defying all seasons, all time.

As we looked, the sky became overcast with thick clouds that turned the blue ice purple and the water more threatening : so cold and dark and deep as almost to cause a shudder. What a quiet, soundless sleep it would be, reposing there in the silent shadows of its unfathomable depths ! Large drops began to fall, threatening a soaking at any rate, without the trouble of tumbling into the lake's dark waters. But the clouds happily passed on their journey, down into other regions. Having satisfied the eye with a long view and endeavoured to impress it upon the memory, the procession once more set on its backward journey. This time it was easy, downhill work, the blacksmith's was reached in good speed, and with no small reluctance I once more climbed into the rickety vehicle. Safely landed at Gosau, with almost a concussion of the spine, I looked out on the quiet waters of Lake Hallstadt, and felt that here indeed was beauty not to be surpassed. Enough, and to spare, to satisfy the eye and head and heart of man, without perilling life and limbs to seek for other.

Long months after, seated with nothing better to look at than dull melancholy bricks and mortar, and smoke curling lazily out of chimneys, thrown out in relief by a blackground of leaden sky, perhaps a different argument held sway. Of earth's beauties all had passed away save a recollection : and to make fancy vivid, I must paint the windows in the soft glowing tints of a southern evening, and imagine that beyond them lay a panorama of beauty and glory, of mountain and lake, of river and valley, of eternal snows and eternal sunshine.

Such verily there is, but afar off. So distant that it lies beyond the grey sky ; beyond ethereal blue ; beyond mortal vision. But it is there ; waiting for every man until that day in his life when, like Moses, each in turn goes up alone into the mountain to be seen no more.

It is something to be able to live over those recollections ; to shut the eyes, and let a moving panorama of glory pass before the mind, as distinctly as if actually seen. It cannot be always summer with us—*Toujours perdrix* neither at the dinner table nor in travel. We have to come back to our brick-making : the allotted tasks, the daily work, the realities of life. Holidays, and seasons of enjoyment, the beauties of nature, and the splendours of art, are the exception for most of us. *Les jours gras* of existence.

(To be concluded next month.)

THE MAD INVALID.

TRANSLATED BY ROGER NORTH, R.A., FROM THE GERMAN OF L. A. VON ARNIM.

I.

ONE cold and stormy October evening, Count Durande, the good old Commandant of Marseilles, was sitting hivering at the ill-planned hearth in the handsome residence assigned to him: he kept drawing closer and closer to the fire whilst the carriages were rolling by on their way to a grand ball in the same street. His valet, Basset, who was also his favourite companion, was snoring lustily in the ante-room. "Even in the South of France it is not always warm," thought the old gentleman, shaking his head: "there, too, men do not always remain young; but in the gay whirl of society as little heed is paid to old age as architecture pays to winter."

What should he, the chief of all the invalids, who at that time (during the Seven Years War) constituted the garrison of Marseilles and its forts—what should he do at the ball with his wooden leg? when even the lieutenants of his corps were not wanted at dances. The old man thought of the glory of his departed youth, and plunged himself more deeply into the construction of those fireworks which he used to prepare for the amusement of the court; and speculated on new and more manifold rays and variations of colour with which he wished to astonish the people of Marseilles on the King's birthday. In the delight of success, as he saw in his mind's eye the whole hissing, crackling, sparkling, and blazing up in silent splendour, he had been continually pushing pieces of olive wood into the grate, without noticing that his wooden leg which he had used for this purpose had caught fire, and that a third of it was already consumed.

Not till the moment when he wished to jump up because the Grand Finale gave wings to his imagination and fired him with enthusiasm; not till then did he observe, as he sank back into his arm-chair, that his wooden leg had considerably shortened and that the remainder of it was still in danger of destruction. In this strait, being unable to get up at once, he pushed his chair into the middle of the room and called out for his servant and for water.

At this moment a woman rushed eagerly to his assistance. She had been admitted into the room some time before, and had endeavoured to attract the commandant's attention by coughing timidly, but had failed. She tried to put the flame out with her apron, but the burning leg set fire to the apron, and the Commandant, now in real distress, cried out for aid from without. Some people soon rushed in: Basset also was roused: both leg and apron were extinguish by the

first jug of water which Basset brought from the kitchen, and the strangers withdrew.

The poor woman was dripping with water, and could not recover at once from her fright. The commandant made her put his warm cloak about her, and poured out a bumper of wine. The woman, however, refused to take anything; but begged to be allowed to speak a few words with him in private.

The Commandant ordered his careless servant to withdraw, and seated himself near her, all attention.

"Ah! my husband!" she cried, as soon as they were alone, in a strange patois of German-French. "My husband will lose his senses when he hears this story. My poor husband! The devil will be certain to play his tricks upon him again."

The Commandant asked who her husband was, and what she meant; and the woman told him that it was concerning this very person, her husband, that she had come to speak to him. She had brought with her a letter from the colonel of the Regiment of Picardy, in which missive mention was made of her husband.

The Commandant put on his spectacles. He recognized his friend's crest, ran through the letter, and then said:

"You, then, are Rosalie, née Lilie, a woman from Leipzig, who married as this note states, Sergeant Francœur, when he was lying a prisoner in that town with a wound in his head. Tell me about it. What were your parents about? Did they offer no opposition? What wild pranks has your husband been playing in consequence of the wound in his head that made him unfit for duty in the field?"

The woman now related how she had found her husband amongst the wounded in Leipzig, how she had nursed him, gained his love, and became his wife. The wound in his head had indeed been externally healed, but had, as it appeared somewhat impaired the intellect of the worthy Francœur. The surgeon had declared that he was suffering from madness, and must spend at least two years in a warm climate with the invalids in order to have any chance of recovery. He had imprudently been told, however that he had been placed among the invalids on account of an act of insubordination against the general in command; and in consequence had deserted his regiment with execrations. In concluding her narrative the woman said:—

"I begged the colonel to write to you. I made up my mind to disclose everything to you in confidence, so that you should not judge him by the severity of the law, but according to his misfortune. I determined to ask you to place him for his own good in some small remote station, so that he may not become the talk of the people in the large town. But, gracious sir, a woman who has to-day had the good fortune to do you a small service, may demand your word of honour that you will preserve inviolate from her husband the secret of his ailment, of

which he himself has no idea, as his pride would revolt against it."

"My hand on it," cried the Commandant, who was pleased with the woman's earnestness. "And, further, if Francœur commits any acts of folly I will listen three times to your intercession for him. It is best, however, to prevent these, so I will send him to relieve the garrison of a fort which is in the charge of three men only. You will find there a comfortable house for yourself and your child; there your husband will have but little opportunity of acting foolishly, and any freaks that he may indulge in will remain secret."

The woman thanked him for his kind consideration, kissed his hand and withdrew, and he held a light for her, as with many courtesies she descended the stairs.

The old valet Basset was astonished at this, and he made up his mind to find out what the Commandant had been discussing with the woman.

II.

It happened that the old gentleman had a habit when he lay sleepless in bed at night, of thinking aloud over all that had happened during the day, as though his bed were his father confessor. And now whilst he was kept awake by the carriages rolling back on their way from the ball, Basset who was lurking in the adjoining room heard the whole conversation, which was the more interesting to him as Francœur was a compatriot of his, and had been a comrade in his regiment. He thought immediately of a monk whom he knew, who had already exorcised devils from several people and to whom he purposed to bring Francœur very soon. He delighted in quackery and rejoiced at the prospect of again seeing a devil exorcised.

Rosalie, greatly pleased at the success of her visit, had slept well. Next morning she bought a new apron, and putting it on, went to meet her husband, who entered the town at the head of his men singing terrible songs.

He kissed her, lifted her up into the air and said: "You smell of the conflagration of Troy. I have you again, fair Helen."

Rosalie grew pale, and when he questioned her, considered it necessary to tell him that she had been to the commandant's house, that the latter had set fire to his wooden leg, and that her apron had been burnt. He was annoyed that she had not awaited his arrival to pay the visit, but forgot his displeasure in a thousand jokes about the burning apron. He presented his men to the commandant, and spoke so simply of their bodily infirmities and mental good qualities that he quite won the heart of the old man, who thought to himself: "The woman loves him, but she is a German, and she does not understand Frenchmen; a Frenchman is always possessed of a devil when he is in

love." He ordered him to come into his office that he might become better acquainted with him; found that he was well versed in matters relating to fortifications, and—what pleased him still more—he found in him an enthusiastic pyrotechnist, who had, while with his regiment, made fireworks of all descriptions. The commandant explained to him his new invention for a display on the king's birthday, which invention had occasioned the burning of his leg, and Francœur entered into it with ardent zeal. "He is no more mad than I," thought the Commandant.

The old man now informed him that he was, with two other invalids, to relieve the small garrison of Fort Ratonneau. There was a large quantity of powder there; he was to work industriously with his two men, filling rockets, making wheels and binding "frogs." The Commandant then handed him the inventory, and the order for the present garrison to march out. He was thus dismissed, and, when he came downstairs, Basset fell about his neck. They had recognized each other immediately, and they rapidly exchanged notes of their history. Francœur, however, being a strict disciplinarian in all military matters, soon tore himself away, and invited Basset to come on the following Sunday, when he could get out, to be his guest at Fort Ratonneau, of which fortress the sergeant had now the honour of being commandant.

When Francœur had entered on his command he immediately ordered his two men, Brunnet and Tassier, to open the magazine with him, and to go through the inventory, so that they might remove to the laboratory a certain amount of powder for making fireworks. The inventory was correct, and he set one of his men to work at once at the manufacture. With the other he went to all the guns, mortars, and howitzers, in order to polish the bronze ones and to repaint those of iron. He soon filled a sufficient number of shells and grenades, and laid all the guns so that they commanded the only approach to the fort.

"The fort is impregnable!" he exclaimed several times enthusiastically. "I will hold the fort even if the English land and storm it with 100,000 men! But there was great disorder prevailing here before we came!"

His wife had to assist him in cleaning the masonry by the removal of grass and moss, and in airing the provisions in the casemates. In the first few days the indefatigable Francœur made so much work that they had scarcely time to sleep, and his skilful hand performed in this period as much as would have occupied another person for a month. Whilst thus busy his ailment left him at peace. He was hasty, but he kept one fixed object in view, and Rosalie blessed the day which had brought him to this high region of pure air where the devil appeared to have no power over him.

The severe weather, too, had relaxed and brightened through a change of wind, and a new summer seemed to be greeting them. Every

day ships ran in and out of the harbour, signalled the fort, and were answered by it. Rosalie, who had never been near the sea before, thought herself transported into another world, and her baby after having undergone so much confinement in waggons and at inns, rejoiced in the full freedom of the little inclosed garden at the fort, which the former inhabitants, after the manner of artillerymen, had ornamented with artistic mathematical combinations of lines in box borders. The flag with the Lily of France, Francœur's pride, fluttered overhead; this was also an omen of good to his wife, whose maiden name had been Lilie.

III.

THUS came the first Sunday, blessed by all. Francœur enjoined his wife to prepare something good for dinner, as he was expecting his friend Basset. He desired above all a good omelette, and deposited in the kitchen several wild fowl which Brunnet had caught. Amidst these preparations Basset came in, puffing from the exertion of the ascent; he was delighted at the transformation of the fort, and astonished at the number of rockets and light balls which had been prepared. The woman now busied herself with her cookery; the two soldiers went out to gather fruit for dinner. They all were determined to revel in the day, and looked forward to having the newspaper, which Basset had brought, read aloud to them.

Basset was sitting in the garden, opposite Francœur; staring at him without speaking. The sergeant inquired the cause.

"I think you are as well as ever, and everything which you do seems to be so sensible."

"Who would expect anything else?" asked Francœur angrily. "What do you mean?"

Basset tried to evade the subject, but there was something terrible in Francœur's manner: his dark eyes flashed, his head was thrown back, his lips protruded. The poor gossip, Basset, had already lost his head; he told in a voice like the squeak of a fiddle, of rumours at the commandant's about Francœur's being plagued by the devil and of his own kind intentions of having him exorcised by a priest; one Father Philip, with whom he had made an appointment before dinner; intending to introduce him under the pretext that he was to read a short mass in the little chapel to the garrison who were so far removed from Divine Service.

Francœur was wild at the news; he swore that he would wreak vengeance on the person who had uttered such falsehoods concerning him.

Basset protested his own innocence; he had heard of the affair as the commandant was talking aloud to himself; he said also that

the devil in question had been the cause of Francœur's withdrawal from his regiment.

"And who brought the news to the commandant?" demanded Francœur, trembling with passion.

"Your wife," responded the latter; "but with the best intentions—in order to shield you if you committed any foolish acts."

"She shall leave me," cried Francœur, striking his forehead. "She has betrayed me, ruined me. She has secrets with the commandant. She has done me unspeakable wrong. I am no longer bound to her; we must separate."

At this unuspicious moment Father Philip actually entered the garden. Francœur went hurriedly up to the intruder to ask what he wanted. The churchman thought this the moment to bring his exhortations into play, and began addressing the devil eagerly, moving his hands before Francœur in the form of the cross. This exasperated the latter intensely; as commandant of the place he ordered the priest to quit the fort instantly. The terrified Philip, however, became more zealous in his combat with the evil one, and when he went so far as to raise his staff, Francœur's military pride would not brook the menace. With the strength of madness he seized the priest by his mantle and threw him over the gate which guarded the entrance. Had not the good man remained hanging by the mantle from the spikes of the railing, he would have had a heavy fall down the stone steps. The table had been laid near this gate, the sight of it reminded Francœur of the repast. He called for dinner, and Rosalie brought it. She was a little heated by the fire, but very cheery; for she did not notice the monk hanging outside the gate, who had scarcely got over his first fright, and was silently praying that new dangers might be averted. She scarcely remarked that her husband and Basset, one with black looks, the other with a face full of embarrassment, were staring at the table. She asked after the two soldiers, but Francœur said: "They can eat afterwards. I am hungry enough to eat up the whole world!" On this she helped the soup, and out of politeness gave Basset the most. Then she went to the kitchen to fry the omelette.

"How did the Commandant like my wife?" asked Francœur.

"Very much," answered Basset. "He wished that he had been as lucky as you in his captivity."

"He shall have her," exclaimed the other. "She inquired about the two absent men; she did not ask what I wanted; she sought to win you over, as a servant of the commandant's, so she filled your plate to overflowing. She gave you the best bumper of wine. Just watch, and she will bring you the largest piece of omelette. If that happens I shall stand up; then take her away, and leave me alone."

Basset was about to answer, but at that moment the woman came in with the omelette. She had already cut it into three pieces: she went

to Basset and put a piece on his plate, with the words: "You will not get a better omelette at the commandant's. Give me credit, who made it!"

Francœur gazed blackly into the dish; the gap was nearly as large as the two remaining pieces put together. He rose, and said:

"It cannot be otherwise. We are separated from to-day!"

With these words he went to the magazine, opened the iron door, entered and closed it behind him. His wife looked after him in astonishment and let the dish fall.

"Mon Dieu! the evil one is tormenting him; I hope he will do us no hurt in the magazine."

"Is that the magazine?" cried Basset. "He will blow himself up. Save yourself and your child!" With these words he ran out. The monk, too, would not venture in again, and ran after him. Rosalie lost all control over herself. As once she had blindly followed Francœur, so now she fled from him with the child, saying: "Child, I do this for your sake alone: it were better for me to die with him."

Engrossed with such thoughts, she took a wrong turn in the descent and suddenly found herself standing on the marshy bank of the river. She was too much exhausted to go any farther, and seated herself in a boat, which, being only lightly secured to the shore, was easily pushed off.

She allowed herself to drift down the river, scarcely daring to look round. If a chance shot resounded from the harbour, she thought that the fort must be blown up; and, half with fright, gradually sank into a dull, feverish slumber.

IV.

MEANWHILE the two soldiers, laden with apples and grapes, had approached the fort when Francœur's loud, powerful voice hailed them, and a musket ball whistled over their heads.

"Back!" he shouted. Then raising a speaking trumpet, he said: "I will speak with you from the high wall. I have to command this Fort, and I will live here all alone as long as the devil wishes me to do so."

They did not know what to make of this, but there was nothing for it but to yield to the sergeant's will. They passed on towards a precipitous face of the fort, which was called the High Wall. They had scarcely arrived there, when they saw Rosalie's bed and the child's cot being lowered down at the end of a rope; their own beds and other possessions followed, and Francœur cried through the speaking trumpet:

"Take your own things. The bed, cradle, and clothes of my runaway wife you can take to the Commandant's house. You will find her there. I hereby declare war against the Commandant; I will give him until the evening to arm himself, then I shall open fire: he need ask

no quarter for I shall give none to him : he may stretch out a thousand hands but he will not catch me ; he has given me the key of the Powder Magazine ; I will use it. If he thinks to catch me, I will fly up towards heaven with him, and from heaven to the infernal regions. That will raise a dust ! ”

The men silently collected their own property, leaving the rest behind. They knew that large masses of stone were kept piled up on the rampart, and one of these, if hurled down by the maniac above might put a speedy termination to their existence.

When they arrived at Marseilles, and came to the commandant, they found him already on the alert, for Basset had informed him of everything that had occurred. He sent the two new arrivals back to the fort with a cart, to secure the woman's things against the rain that was threatening.

He sent out others in search of the mother and child, whilst he assembled his officers to deliberate on some course of action. The chief anxiety of this council of war was caused by the danger of losing the fine fort, in the event of its being blown up by the madman.

Whilst they were sitting an emissary appeared on behalf of the town, where alarming rumours had spread : he represented the destruction of the handsomest part of the city as the inevitable result of an explosion. It was generally admitted that it would be unsafe to resort to force, for no honour was to be derived from an encounter with one single man, whereas a considerable loss of life might be saved by acting with moderation. Francœur's frenzy must eventually be overcome by sleep ; then some determined men must climb up into the fort and secure him.

“ He's actually firing now ! ” cried one of the officers ; and they all listened at an upper window. What a sight ! at all the angles of the fort the guns opened their fiery mouths, and balls went whistling through the air. The townspeople rushed away to hide themselves, with loud outcry, and none remained visible but individuals who wished to display their courage in the calm contemplation of danger. They were, however, richly rewarded for this, for Francœur discharged a bundle of rockets from a howitzer, and they ascended to the sky with a bright glare ; he fired a few light balls out of a mortar ; after this he sent up a number of others from muskets. The commandant declared the effect of this to be excellent ; he had never ventured on using fireworks as projectiles—this made the art of pyrotechny quite meteoric. Francœur really deserved to be pardoned on this account.

The nocturnal illumination had another effect which was quite unintended by the sergeant. It saved the lives of Rosalie and her child. Both had been lulled to sleep by the gentle rocking of the boat, and when the woman awoke she saw above her the group of light balls at their zenith. The prow of a large river craft was gliding towards her

like a shark greedy of its prey. It then turned aside to the left, but grazed the boat nevertheless.

"Help my poor child!" she cried, and the end of a boat hook united them to a larger vessel which soon after came to an anchor.

"If that firework had not gone up from Fort Ratonneau," said one of the sailors, "I should not have seen you, and without meaning ill we should have run you down. How do you come to be on the water so late, and all alone? Why didn't you call out to us?"

Rosalie only answered the questions hurriedly, and begged them earnestly to take her to the Commandant's house.

V.

At the Commandant's she found everything in confusion; she entreated him to be mindful of his promise that he would pardon her husband three times. He denied that he had alluded to offences of such gravity. She had spoken of jokes and whims, but this was diabolical earnest.

"Then the offence is on your side," said the woman calmly, for she no longer felt hopeless. "I warned you of the poor man's condition, and yet you entrusted to him a dangerous post. You made a promise of secrecy to me, and yet you related the whole story to Basset your servant, who, with his foolish meddling, caused the whole misfortune. You are answerable for all, and not my poor husband. You will have to answer for it to the king!"

The Commandant defended himself against the accusation of having told Basset anything. The latter confessed that he had overheard his master talking to himself, and so the whole blame rested upon his (Basset's) shoulders. The old man vowed that he would have himself shot dead next day in front of the fort, in order to expiate with his life his offence against the king, but Rosalie begged him not to despair.

A room in the Commandant's house was allotted to her, and she hushed her child to sleep whilst taking counsel with herself and praying that God would reveal to her how her husband might be delivered from the bane.

The Commandant who had already at a very early hour made an attempt upon the fort, returned disappointed. He had, it was true, lost no men, but Francœur had discharged his shots right and left with such precision that it was evident that he could have hit his assailants if he chose, and they only owed their lives to his mercy. He had blockaded the river by firing across it, and no one dared drive along the chaussée. In short, all intercourse with the town was for this day cut off; and the people threatened that unless the commandant was more careful, or if he thought to treat them as if they were in a besieged country, they would call out and arm the citizens, and soon be even with the invalids.

For three days the Commandant remained thus inactive. Every evening the sky was lit with fireworks; every evening Rosalie reminded him of his promise of forbearance. On the third evening he told her that they had determined to storm the fort. On the following afternoon the town gave its consent to the attempt as all intercourse was cut off, and a famine seemed imminent. The Commandant intended to storm the gate whilst another body was to scale the other side secretly, so as to take the sergeant in the rear before he could rush to the magazine. The issue was uncertain; some lives would be lost; but he wished to remove from himself the reproach that through his cowardice a madman had obtained the proud position of setting a whole town at defiance. The greatest possible mishap would be preferable to remaining under this stigma. He had striven to set his spiritual and worldly affairs in order, and he told Rosalie that he had not forgotten her and her child in his will. Rosalie fell at his feet and inquired what her husband's fate would be if he were taken alive in the assault. The Commandant turned aside and said: "Death, inevitably; no court martial would hear of madness; there has been too much decision, foresight, and cleverness in his whole behaviour." After a paroxysm of sobbing, Rosalie asked whether, if she brought about the surrender of the fort without danger or bloodshed, her husband's offence would be pardoned as an act of insanity.

"Yes, I swear it!" cried the Commandant. "But the effort would be vain; he hates you more than anybody, and called out yesterday to one of our outposts that he would surrender the fort if we sent his wife's head to him."

"I know him," said the woman; "I will pacify the devil in him; I will give him peace. I would even die with him; it is but gain to me if I died by his hand to whom I am united by the most sacred tie."

VI.

FATHER PHILIP had meanwhile made his appearance at the house, announcing that the insane Francœur had hoisted a great white flag on which the devil was painted. The commandant, however, did not care to hear any of his news, but merely bade the priest go to Rosalie, who wished to confess to him.

After making her confession, with all the calmness of a Christian spirit, Rosalie begged Father Philip to accompany her as far as a stone wall, where no shot could strike him, there she would entrust to him her child. He promised, reluctantly, to do as she wished; not, however, till he had ascertained in the house that it was quite safe to venture so far; for he had altogether lost faith in his power of exorcising the evil one.

Rosalie dressed her child once more, weeping bitterly; then silently

taking him in her arms, she descended the stairs. The old Commandant was standing in the hall; he could only press her hand, and had to turn away to hide his tears. Thus she went out into the street, no one knowing her intention. Father Philip followed, hanging back a little, as he would gladly have renounced his promise of accompanying her, and some of the idlers in the street came after them, asking what it all meant. Many cursed Rosalie because she was Francœur's wife, but she was not moved by this curse. The Commandant meanwhile led his men by concealed ways towards the points from which the assault was to be commenced, in the event of the woman failing to overcome her husband's mania. The crowd forsook Rosalie at the gate, for Francœur was firing from time to time over the glacis. Father Philip also declared that he was not feeling well, and must sit down for a little. Rosalie regretted this, but decided to go on and so indicated to him a niche in the wall of rock where she would once more lull her child to sleep and deposit it wrapped up in her mantle: there it might be looked for; it would be quite safe if she did not return to it. Father Philip remained seated in prayer behind the rock; and Rosalie, with a firm step, advanced to the place of which she had spoken, where she hushed her child, and, breathing a blessing, wrapped it in her mantle and put it to sleep. There, with a sigh, she left it. The clouds broke above her and the clear blue sky and bright sunbeams smiled upon the infant. Now she was visible to the relentless man. As she emerged from the shelter of the rock a light flashed from the gate, a report which almost threw her down, and a rushing and hissing in the air, accompanying the report, showed her that death had passed very close to her. Another shot deafened her, and the ball dashed the gravel up in her face, but she prayed calmly and turned her gaze upwards. Thus she trod the narrow path cut through the rock; the walls on each side seemed to form a long barrel designed to concentrate the destroying fire of two loaded guns against the approaching woman.

"What are you looking at, woman?" roared Francœur. "Do not look up to the sky; your good angel is not coming; here stands your devil and your death."

"Neither death nor devil shall part me from you," she said quietly, advancing further up the steep stairs.

"Woman," he cried, "you have more pluck than the devil himself, but it shall not avail you."

He was blowing at the slow match, which was nearly out; the sweat was standing in bright drops over his brow and cheeks; two natures seemed to be striving for the mastery within him. Rosalie did not wish to interrupt this struggle or to anticipate the time on the coming of which she began to rely. She did not advance; she kneeled down on the stair, when she was only three steps off the muzzles of the guns

where their fire crossed. He tore off his coat and vest to give himself air; he snatched at his black hair, which was standing up roughly, and tore some out in his passion. The wound in his head was opened by the violence of the blows which he struck on his forehead; the weakly burning linstock went out; a gust of wind blew the priming from the guns and tore the satanic flag from the staff.

"The old gentleman is giving up; he has gone down to the lower regions," he exclaimed, covering his eyes. Then he recollected himself, opened the wicket gate, staggered up to his wife, raised her up and kissed her. At last he said: "The black spirit has worked himself out; my head is getting clear again; I feel as if I could breathe once more; a love shall be kindled between us which can never more be subdued. Oh God—what offence have I not committed; they will not give me many more hours to live."

Rosalie in her delight, her utterance stifled by her tears, could scarcely tell him that he was pardoned. She hurriedly bound up his wound, then led him down the stairs as far as the wall of rock where she had left the child. There they found the good Father Philip, with the little one, which had gradually crawled towards him amongst the boulders.

Meanwhile the Commandant and his officers had approached; he had seen through a telescope the happy issue. Francœur gave up his sword, and the Commandant announced to him his pardon, allowance being made for the loss of reason caused by his wound. A surgeon was ordered to examine the wound and to bind it up. Francœur sat down and submitted patiently to the operation; he had eyes for nothing but his wife and child. The surgeon wondered that he showed no sense of pain as he extracted from the wound a splinter of bone. It seemed as if Francœur's powerful nature had ceaselessly and gradually laboured for the release of this splinter till at last external agency, the hand of his own desperation, had broken the outer skin. He declared that only for this happy dispensation, the luckless Francœur must have languished in an incurable lunacy. Lest he should be injured by any exertion, he was placed in a carriage. His entry into Marseilles, amidst a people who always know how to honour bravery above all other attributes, resembled a triumph. Women threw laurel-wreaths upon the carriage, and everyone pressed forward to make the acquaintance of the desperado who had for three days kept so many thousand people in subjection. After such a day it is rare in human life for anything to occur worth narration, even though the couple thus freed from a terrible affliction and restored to happiness may have experienced in the more peaceful years which succeeded, the full measure of the joy they had won.

The good old Commandant adopted Francœur as his son, and though he could not bestow his name upon him, he at least left to him his blessing and a portion of his property.

A SUMMER'S FOLLY.

L AURA HASKELL passed round by the tall, sheltering oak-tree that grew by the road-side, entered the meadow, and sat down on the green bank under its branches. Taking off her broad-brimmed hat, worn to shade her delicate features from the burning sun, she fanned her flushed face leisurely. The half-mile walk to the post-office and back had heated her. Letters were only delivered in the morning: those that came in the afternoon had to be fetched.

Laura Haskell, a very fashionable girl, entering habitually into all the gaieties of town life, had come down to this primitive and very simple country place on a visit to Eastbrook Farm after a season's dissipation. Mrs. Livermore, the farm's mistress, and Mrs. Haskell were sisters; both widows; but their lots in life had been differently cast. That of the one lay in ease and plenty and, it must be said, trifling frivolity; that of the other in the cares and bustle of a large farming household. Laura had responded eagerly to the invitation, charmed in prospective with the great change it presented to her ordinary life.

She sat down under this oak-tree to rest and to read her letters. There were two: one from her mother, who was not leaving home this year; and one from Edith Landseer, a great friend of hers, who had gone with a party to the sea-side. Laura read her mother's first. A tender, loving, but withal somewhat heartless letter, cares for her health and cares for Laura's future well-establishment in life, mixing together in it. "Be sure do not return later than September," wrote Mrs. Haskell. "I hear that the party from the sea-side will be back during that month, including Albert Stanley; and you know as well as I that A. S. cannot be trusted out of your sight long. He is very much in love with you now; I think there's no doubt of that; but he is a great flirt, and may forget old faces when basking in the sunshine of new ones. Had we known he would have made one of the sea-side party perhaps you—however, you *would* go to Eastbrook, and it cannot be recalled. Remember, Laura, you are twenty-four years old: and men so eligible as Mr. Stanley are not to be met with every day."

Laura replaced the letter in its envelope, and looked thoughtfully up at the blue sky above her. The sound of the reapers, clipping the golden wheat in a field near by, fell upon her ears, and she turned her glance to the harvest scene. Of the men, some were reaping, some were binding the grain into golden sheaves. Over it all shone the yellow sunshine and the blue sky. It was a poetical scene, and Miss Haskell viewed it with a poet's eye.

Suddenly there arose the song of "Annie Laurie," sung in a rich tenor voice. The sound floated up to where Miss Haskell sat.

"Her voice is low and sweet,
And she's all the world to me,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie,
I'd lay me down and die,"

sang the strong voice, and the red blood shot into Laura Haskell's cheeks, and a sparkle into her eyes. He who sang it was the master of the reapers.

She tore open Miss Landseer's letter, and began to read. It was full of news and gossip, but there was only one sentence that she took much interest in: "Albert Stanley talks of you daily, Laura, and is always asking if I have heard from you. One would say he found the place vapid without you. A very handsome girl is here, however; a Miss Field, a beauty and an heiress, and I fancy he consoles himself. Oh, Laura, you ought to be here. You were not wise to bury yourself this summer out of sight. How do you contrive to exist?"

Laura sat for some minutes with the letter in her hand, lost in thought. Then, with a deep sigh, she replaced her hat, and resumed her walk.

She soon came to the old, commodious, grey farm-house, a manor house in the by-gone days. Shutting the gate behind her, she went up the broad path, and sat down in the large porch, overgrown with jessamine and honeysuckle. Sitting within the porch were two young ladies: Laura's cousin, Amanda, Mrs. Livermore's only child; and Miss Graeme, who lived near, and very often ran into Eastbrook. The girls were busy over some piece of sewing for Mrs. Livermore.

"Are you tired?" asked Amanda, as Laura threw herself down on the sheltered seat.

"A little. The walk is longer than I am accustomed to, and the day is hot."

"You are more accustomed to a carriage than to walking," said Annie Graeme, looking brightly up.

"Well—yes. Mamma does not keep one; but many of our friends do. I found two letters for me at the post-office, so I was repaid for my hot walk."

She drew a costly lace handkerchief from her pocket, and fanned her flushed cheeks with it. A little tinge of bitterness came into Annie Graeme's gentle face, as she watched her. That handkerchief cost more than any dress she possessed: that sparkling diamond on her finger more than her whole wardrobe. Though well reared, even daintily it may be said, her people were not rich: Annie had to suffer for it; ay, and help to supply the want, by helping in their household. Laura Haskell had everything heart could desire. Wealth, beauty, position. Why could she not be contented with so much, and not come and take away

the little happiness within the reach of others. And then a passage of Scripture came into her mind—"Unto those that have more shall be given; and from those that have nothing even what they seem to have shall be taken away." She thought it was coming to pass, literally, that summer. Not for her wealth, though, did Annie Graeme envy Miss Haskell: no, but because she thought she had gained the love that hitherto had been, as she fondly fancied, hers.

And Miss Haskell, little dreaming what was in the girl's mind, looked up at her and Amanda, and thought—"After all they are happier than I am. No fear of stern Dame Fashion disturbs their peace; no worry about their future position in society alarms them. They will marry for love, and be good, happy wives. I, with my high notions, and advantages, and accomplishments, must look out for a suitable partner, and marry *well*, without thinking of love."

By-and-by, when tea was over, and the girls were in the porch again, they heard the refrain of that same song approaching, "Annie Laurie." All listened: Amanda only with idle interest. Laura asked who it was singing—as if making it appear that she did not know or had forgotten.

"It is only West," said Amanda. "One would think West was going crazy over that song, for he is always singing it."

Miss Graeme laid down her work and tied on her bonnet hastily. "My mother will be wondering why I stay so late," she said; and, with a farewell, took her departure.

The sound of the song followed her as she went; she could even distinguish the words. The whole brought to her a strange pain; sweet, and unselfish, and good girl though she was. For she remembered how West used to sing the same song the previous summer, sing it for *her*, and to linger tenderly on the name Annie. It was not on that name he lingered now.

Laura Haskell sat on in the same position: Amanda had gone in. Her elbow was on her lap, her face on her hands; her dark eyes watched the clouds. What did she read in the skies?—was it all trouble, doubt, and uncertainty? West Livermore found her thus. An uncommon name "West" for a baptismal one: but he had been named after his father, who had borne it also. A quick flush passed over Laura's face as their eyes met and he sat down by her in the porch. He was the master and owner of Eastbrook, and took a very active and practical part on the farm. He had not yet changed his out-of-door, daily clothes, or his thick, rough farming boots, or encased his brown hands in gloves. Miss Haskell was all too conscious of this. But she was conscious also that his figure was that of an Apollo; his face that of a Greek god, and that his glance and voice thrilled her heart as not one of the many men she met in society had ever yet had the power to thrill it.

"Did I not see you in the road this afternoon?" he asked, after watching her in silence for a moment.

"Yes, I went to the post-office."

"I thought I could not be mistaken in your walk and appearance."

The words were commonplace enough, but they brought again the quick blood to Laura Haskell's cheeks, and her eyes sparkled with a happy light. She had listened all her life to praise and flattery from men of the world; but it had not touched her as this did.

"Did you find the expected letters awaiting you at the office?"

"Yes, I found two. Mamma wants me to return."

"And you will leave us—when?"

"Not until September."

"Four weeks yet, at least, then," he said. "Well we must make the most of them, for they will be all too short. When the corn is in, I shall allow myself more leisure, and will do my best to entertain you: I know how dull you must be here. We will take a few rides and drives then, about our beautiful country."

Something called him away, and he went down the path, whistling a plaintive air. Laura followed him with dark, troubled eyes. How handsome he was—how handsome! His locks glistened in the setting sunshine like burnished gold, his face was flushed with health and exercise, and his eyes were blue as the skies. She looked after him and thought of Albert Stanley: with his narrow chest and consumptive figure; his pale, sickly countenance, and foppish airs. Ah, but his *purse* was a full one, full to the brim: while all West Livermore's fortune lay in this farm land and the rambling farmhouse, and in his own splendid person and warm heart.

The night settled down sultry and breathless. Miss Haskell went out after the early supper to get a breath of fresh air, and stood at the gate in the gloaming. She heard West whistling somewhere: he had dressed then. He seemed so happy always, so contented with his working, busy life, in spite of his good education and the somewhat idle habits of his youth: while she, with all she possessed to make the outer life joyous, was restless, anxious, and dissatisfied. West had the care of his step-mother and his half-sister on his hands; for Mrs. Livermore was but his father's second wife.

Laura was by the gate still when he came round to join her. The moon was rising full and large above the hill. It surrounded Laura's face and figure with a silvery halo; it made her look almost ethereal in the pale, white light. Her dress was white, her arms and neck were bare, and white as snow; for it pleased her sometimes in her whims to dress in the farmhouse as she dressed in the world. Her brown hair was tied back from her forehead with a blue ribbon, and rippled down in soft waves behind. How very fair and delicate she was! West's blue eyes took a softer glow as he looked down upon her,

and his strong, hand closed over the white one that rested on the gate. She did not draw it away.

"You look like a wraith," he said, as he leaned forward: "but I see you are tangible."

He was very near her, very. She could not have drawn away from him to have saved her life. The magnetism of his presence held her there too willingly: she had no desire to go away.

"How bright the moon is," he said. "If to-morrow evening is like this, I will take you for a drive. That is, if you will go."

"I shall be pleased to go. Oh, see that lovely cloud!" she exclaimed, half intoxicated with the moment's bliss, and hardly conscious what she did say. She lifted her face to the cloud, and it was just even with his shoulder.

He did not look up at the cloud, but down at the fair face so dangerously near. One hand covered hers still; the other fell lightly upon her shoulder—his head bent down, his lips met hers. After all, they called themselves cousins: and cousins, you know, are like brothers and sisters.

"Laura," called her aunt from the house, "you will take cold in your thin dress. Come in, child."

She lifted her eyes as she turned to obey, and her cheeks grew crimson at the fire and passion she saw in the face above her. Men had made glowing and passionate declarations of love to her, but she had never seen such worship in any eyes as she saw in these. West took away his hand and drew back, not attempting to detain her. She saw how intense his love was, and her whole frame thrilled with the knowledge and with answering love.

That night Laura had dreams. Sweet, restless dreams, that broke slumbers; yet refreshed her as no sound sleep could do.

The morning came, cooler and fresher than the preceding day had been. The skies were fleecy with light clouds, the sun's rays warm and mellow, the fields golden with sheaves of grain. In all her life she never forgot this same day and evening. Mr. Livermore did not go much about the farm; he left his men to their work, unlooked after all he did was to linger at home with Laura.

He stood outside the window and talked to her, while she worked at some bit of dainty work. Talked lightly and merrily, or gravely and seriously as it might be: but his eyes told one sole story whenever they fell upon hers.

The pretty low chaise came to the gate in the evening. West helped her in; and Amanda stood watching them, and protesting she had never met with anything so foolishly romantic in her life as going for a drive by moonlight. West took his place by her and drove gently along, choosing not the high road but the sweet by-ways. There his lips told their story for the first time.

He told it under the light of the full moon in the pleasant lane, beneath the drooping branches of the graceful trees. His blue, blue eyes shone down upon her, his breath fanned her cheek.

She lifted her eyes to his, and her cheeks crimsoned. It seemed an encouragement; and his arm was slipped round her waist.

"My darling," he whispered, "you know how I love you. I want you for my wife, Laura. Can you ever learn to love me?"

Learn to love him! Why, with every fibre of her being, with all her heart and soul and strength, she loved this man by her side. The sound of his voice, saying that he loved her, was sweeter to her ears than any music.

He drew her to his breast, and she resisted not. He kissed her on lips and cheeks, murmuring words of the sweetest tenderness. In all her life she would never taste of such joy again.

"Then you do love me," he whispered; "you will be my wife?"

In the moment's abandonment, with the lovely night around her, and the world ages away, Laura suffered the truth to prevail. She did love him. Loved him as she never had loved before and never could love again. That moment, to her, seemed sweet and silvery as the moonbeams. The heart's romance that comes but once in a lifetime, had come to Laura Haskell.

"And you will promise to be my wife, Laura?"

"Oh, West, don't ask me yet," she murmured, a faint glimpse of the fashionable world and its fashionable denizens stealing back to her recollection. "I cannot promise: I must have time to think."

They went driving on, under the light of this beguiling moon. West told her of his prospects: and how he had, himself, worked and toiled to free the farm from a debt, which his father had left upon it. The debt was paid now, and he need not be any more anxious. He told her of his willing hands, his loving, loyal heart.

"Every year will bring to me now increased prosperity," he said. "You, Laura, if you come to Eastwood, would not have to manage personally as you see your aunt do. I should not like it; neither is there any necessity for it. Amanda, as you know, will go to a home of her own before winter. Her mother will go with her: or, if you would like it, I am sure she would stay and take all management off your hands. Should you prefer for her not to stay, I would get some staid, experienced person in her place. And Eastwood should be beautified and improved before you came."

"I should still be only a farmer's wife," she answered, more to her own thoughts than to him.

"Undoubtedly. But there are farmers and farmers, you know."

She did know. She also knew that West, when occasion required it, could hold his own with any gentleman in the land. But still—the position would be the same.

"We should be very happy, my love : as I believe and hope Nothing on my part should be lacking."

"You must give me time to think," faltered Laura. "There would be—yes, I must dare to say it—*love* : but I have been accustomed to wealth and ease and luxury ; to show and parade ; to summers and autumns at the sea or abroad ; to seasons in society. I must give up all that if I come here. Let me have time to think, West."

He said no more, and the rest of the drive was passed nearly in silence. When he helped her to alight at the gate, he strained her to him as though he could not let her go. She let him hold her so for one short moment, and then sped away to her room.

The days went by for both of them in a golden dream. There never before were such fields of yellow stubble ; never such meadows, with their ripe red second crop of clover ; never such mellow sunshine and soft west winds. Laura put off the future, giving herself entirely up to the delicious happiness of her heart's first and best love, and ignoring all thoughts of any other life. She and West strolled together in the orchard shadows, leaned together over the gate, sat in the arbour, or rode or drove through the sheltered lanes. Yet she made him no promise. Only one day she said to him as she leaned upon his arm, that she feared she could never give him up. Better give up the whole world beside than him.

West waited for her decision patiently and hopefully. He believed she would be his in the end—believed her heart would triumph over ambition, for he knew that she loved him.

And Annie Graeme, watching the two, strove to deaden the pain at her heart ; and if any tears fell, they fell inwardly. West sang "Annie Laurie" a great deal in those days, especially one verse of it.

"And 'twas there that Annie Laurie
Gave me her promise true ;
Gave me her promise true,
That ne'er forgot will be.
And for bonnie Annie Laurie,
I'd lay me down and die."

He built airy castles for the future, and Laura Haskell reigned queen in them all. Laura's voice made the music that rang through the castle halls, her dark eyes lighted the dim corridors. But, like many another man, West Livermore awoke one day to find that dreams are at the best but dreams. Just as Laura had nearly decided to remain on all through September at Eastwood, and then to quit it only to make preparations for the marriage, a letter came to her from Mr. Stanley.

He wrote to ask her hand in marriage. He made the offer that Laura had been expecting him to make all the past spring. He told her that he was tired of his butterfly existence and wanted to settle down : he told her that he had wealth, position and a good name to offer her. And he begged for her answer without delay.

Laura turned the be-crested letter over in her scornful hand. The writing was like himself; weak and wavering: the composition was selfish, conceited, egotistical. There was not a word of real love in the whole; but there was much sense of his own self-importance, and of the honour he was conferring on her.

"An answer without delay," she repeated. "That means that if I refuse him he will at once propose to the heiress—Fanny Field."

Miss Haskell spoke with bitter scorn, and at that moment she hated the writer of the letter with an intense hatred. Had West Livermore come to her side just then and asked her for the long delayed promise, she would have given it. But West was away with his men at the mill. After the first heat of anger had worn off, Laura sat down to think: to balance the merits of the two unanswered proposals with a brain as clear as might be.

She loved West Livermore with all her heart. *That* she did not try to gainsay. And she barely respected Albert Stanley: certainly had no love for him. Stanley might be good enough as far as morals went, but he was conceited, foppish, egotistical, and shallow; while West was large-minded, unselfish, broad-souled, and manly. Albert was sickly, some said consumptive; while West was glowing with health and vigour. Albert admired her, and would make much of her; he wanted her to do the honours of his splendid home: but West loved her with all the passion of an ardent nature, and wanted her for his dear wife, the loving sharer of his innermost life. Mr. Stanley could give her wealth, splendour, luxury; could dress her in costly robes, and take her about the world. West Livermore had but this country farmhouse, and she could never shine in society again. You must remember that this girl had been brought up in ease and idleness, that she knew nothing of a life that has not plenty of money and an extensive wardrobe; and then perhaps you will not wonder that, after weighing her two proposals carefully, she sat down and answered Mr. Stanley as—as she did answer him. She wrote an acceptance of his proposal: and after that she threw herself upon the bed in an agony of sobs, and cried herself to sleep.

West had to be told. They were standing amid the vines in the twilight of the following evening; and he led to it, for he told her that he wanted his answer, wanted to know his fate. There was a strange expression of pain on her face as she looked at him, and he caught her to him and kissed it.

"Ay, kiss me," she said with a sob; "kiss me once again. You will not care to when you know all."

He held her to him, divining what was to come. She clung to him, shivering and sobbing.

"Yesterday morning," she said, leaning against his shoulder, "I received a proposal of marriage by letter, from Mr. Stanley. I do not

love him—I scarcely respect him: but I have written an acceptance of his offer. Oh, West, I—I—you know where my love is: but I cannot give up wealth, position, ease, and pleasure. I *must* play my part in the world, and I feel that I could not be contented here at Eastbrook. For a time, yes; but the longing would come. Heaven knows I struggled hard to decide aright; but my heart cries out against my decision, and will cry as long as I am with you."

He had waited very still and quiet, till she finished. She was yet in his arm, held to him.

"Where is the letter you have written?" he asked.

"I posted it at once."

"For fear you might wish to change your mind, I suppose," he said, putting her gently but firmly away. "God bless you Laura, always—but I think we could have been happy together."

"There is some one else loves you here, West," she said, "and I think you may be happy after I am gone. I am not worthy of you."

"I have never loved but you," he answered.

"But you have *liked* her, I know, West. She is a sweet, gentle girl, a true lady. And we—you and I—must forget one another."

He had gone ever so many paces away, but he came back and drew her to his heart again. Oh, it was a bitter moment for both of them; it was like rending the life asunder.

"We must part, West," she sobbed. "It is better so, perhaps. Forgive me all."

It was very foolish, no doubt, only serving to prolong the pain, but he kissed her again and again, and then they parted, as lovers, for ever.

Two days later, Laura Haskell took her departure. West attended her to the train and did all that was necessary; with never a glance of love allowed to shine in his blue eyes.

"I think West has had a slight singeing," remarked Miss Livermore to her mother as they drove home, West preferring to walk.

"Laura was singed worse than he," said Mrs. Livermore. "It is best as it is, Amanda. She was not reared to be a farmer's wife."

"I hope you don't call West a common farmer, mamma!"

"He *is* a farmer, Amanda, common or uncommon: and his wife should be able and willing to rule his household wisely. Best as it is."

"Silent enough was West Livermore in the days that followed; always out and about his lands, and saying little to anyone. But in the early winter they heard snatches from his lips of Annie Laurie again, and his eyes would sometimes wander to the chimney stacks of Mr. Graeme in the distance. Annie Graeme was one of Miss Livermore's bridesmaids, and after that day she and West seemed to have renewed their former intimacy. And while he was beginning to think his life might yet have some happiness in it, if he made this gentle girl his own, the

bells were pealing out a marriage-chime in the great city far away, and a fair, pale bride was giving her hand, but not her heart, to a poor, insignificant-looking, egotistical groom, and promising to love, honour, and obey. And all the time her heart was back on the old farm with West Livermore.

The years went by, till twelve had rolled down into the vault of the past, since the summer of which the above is the record. Events had gone on on all sides, in the world and out of it: but there had been no communication between Eastbrook and the world that contained Laura Stanley. The two mothers were dead, and family relations had not been kept up.

Down the old lane a carriage, drawn by two mottled greys, passed on its way. It was August again, and the harvest men were at work in the fields. The reapers clicked and clashed through the grain, the binders bound the golden sheaves, all sang and whistled at their work.

Two ladies occupied the carriage. One was the sister of Mr. Stanley—and with something of his poor figure and plain features. The other was his wife. A woman of thirty-six now; pale, fair, refined, dressed with taste and elegance, but looking out upon the harvest scene with such sad, sad dark eyes.

"There is the house," she said to her companion, as the good old homestead came in sight. "That is Eastbrook—where I spent some weeks just before I married. How handsome it looks!—what improvements he must have made in it! But he said he would."

"He!—who?" cried Miss Stanley, who was older than her sister-in-law.

"Mr. Livermore."

Quitting the carriage at the gate, they went to the door, and were admitted. Everything inside was tasty and beautiful. West Livermore's wife came to them: the same gentle, lady-like girl that Laura had known as Annie Graeme, really not looking so very much older. The children were brought in: three boys and a girl. The girl was like her mother, but the boys had their father's bright blue eyes and his golden hair.

"They are lovely children!" exclaimed Miss Stanley. "How I wish *you* had children, Laura!"

A shade of mortified pain passed over Mrs. Stanley's face. In answer to inquiries for her husband, she explained that he was not well and was travelling for his health. She and her sister-in-law were sojourning at a town a few miles distant, and she said she could not resist coming over to take a peep at the old place.

"You are prosperous, I see," she remarked to Annie.

"Very much so. I am so sorry that my husband should be away to-day. He has gone to buy a new saddle-horse."

As the two visitors drove away down the well remembered lane, they came upon the youngest of the boys. He was perched on a stile, watching the reapers with his beautiful, dreamy blue eyes. Laura had once watched them from nearly the same spot.

"I must kiss that pretty child," she exclaimed, making a signal for the carriage to stop.

Stepping out, she took the little three-year-old boy in her arms, herself full of hardly-suppressed emotion, and rained warm kisses upon his fair face, so like his father's, and his golden hair.

"What is your name, my darling?"

"West Liv—'mo," said the little child.

A sob took her at the answer. She pressed a small golden keepsake into his hands, telling him he had papa's face over again. And then, with more snatched kisses, she left him and got into her carriage, her countenance smoothed to smiles, her brow with never a shadow on it.

And the wondering child gazed after the handsome equipage, and the pale lady, until both had disappeared in the distance.



WORK WHILE IT IS DAY.

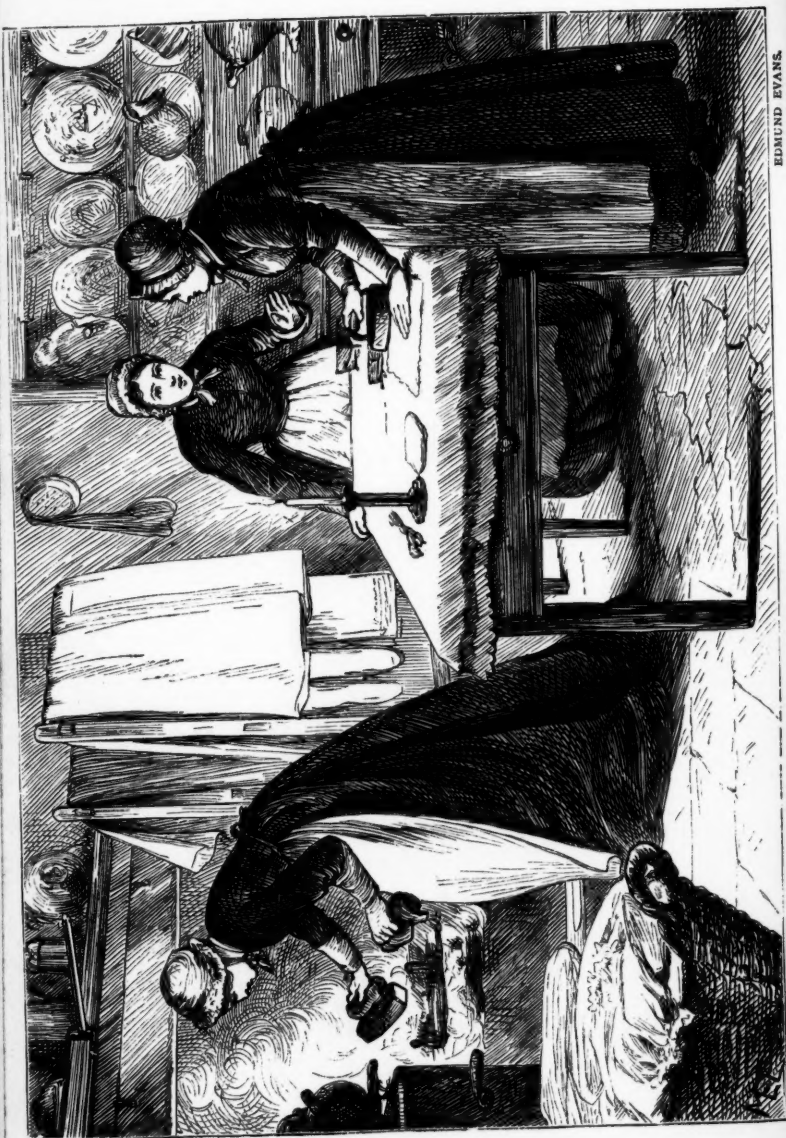
THE world is wide, but its want is wider,
No least endeavour shall fruitless be ;
Though the sky is full of the moon's soft glory,
Each small star shines from sea to sea.

The world is wide, and the work is waiting,
We can only call one day our own ;
Oh, slumber not, for the day is breaking—
For an hour's loss you can never atone.

The world is wide, and the violet groweth
Side by side with the queenly rose ;
One filleth the air with subtle fragrance,
In silence and shadow the other grows.

Yet who shall tell—what the angels know not—
Which of the two shall fairer be,
When the flowers are gathered from earthly gardens,
To bloom in the light of Eternity.

The world is wide, and the people in it,
Each has a work to find and do ;
The sunshine dieth, the dark night flieth,
Haste while the daylight waits on you !



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